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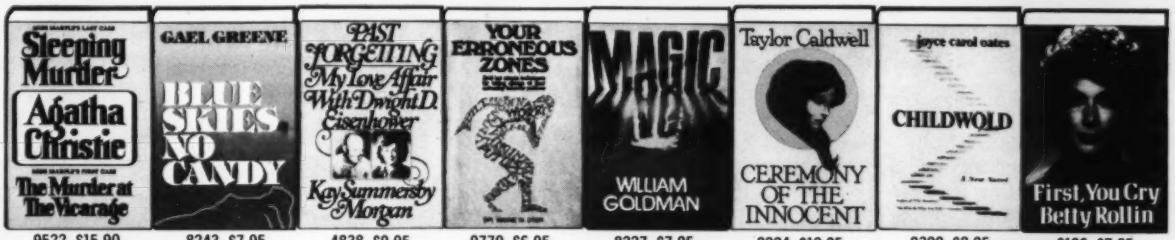

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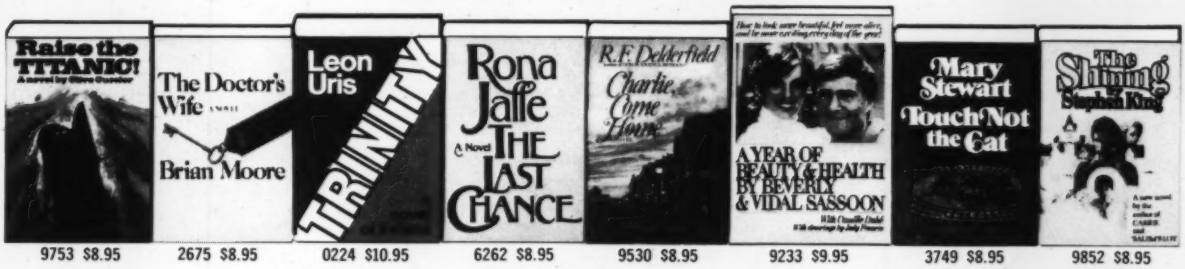

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NewTimes

Room at the top in Harlem

Build high-rise apartments with spacious rooms and full recreational and institutional facilities right in the heart of East Harlem. Set the rents at rates the poor can afford. And then, turn management over to the tenants. It all sounded so possible in the days of the Great Society. But in 1977, with Taino Towers uninhabited, decaying, it all sounds like an impossible dream.
By Sonny Kleinfield
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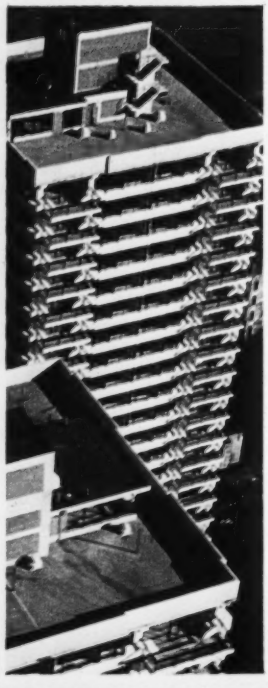

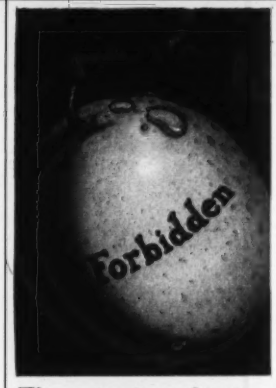

The great apricot pit war

The U.S. government and the medical establishment claim that Laetrile is a cruel hoax; proponents—including a number of John Birchers—see it as a cure, denied to cancer victims by a large and unfeeling government. And the patients pay thousands of dollars in hope that this extract of apricot pits might just save them.
By Richard M. Levine
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RAINBOW BY LET THERE BE NEON
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Slow Down

News from all over/By James S. Kunen

There is very little space in New York. The reason so many people try to crowd into such a small place is obscure, lost in ancestral memory, but the effects are manifest. One of them is that supermarkets are very small and congested, with the result that citizens spend inordinate amounts of time standing in line. Fortunately, the grocery magnates provide little lending libraries by each register, so that shoppers may divert themselves with *Women's Day* or the *National Enquirer* before impatience turns to insurrection. My intellectual faculties are not at their keenest during such times, but over the last several months it dawned on me that the grocery articles had a consistent theme: there is life in space; aliens are visiting our planet. And everyone knows it except me.

First there was WORLD EXCLUSIVE: TOP NASA SCIENTISTS REVEAL AMAZING EVIDENCE OF LIFE ON MARS, which quoted a scientist as saying "Everything strongly indicates there are microscopic organisms eating, breathing and sleeping on Mars." Then: TOP TV NEWSCASTER WALTER CRONKITE: I'M CONVINCED UFO's EXIST. The Cronk allegedly said that Senator Barry Goldwater had told him that he believes Earth is under observation by extraterrestrial intelligence, too. Then I was hit by the startling opinion attributed to Billy Graham: "I firmly believe there is intelligent life in outer space . . . beings who probably look very much like the average American." Finally, during the presidential campaign, Jimmy Carter, "speaking exclusively to the *Enquirer*," declared, "If I become president, I'll make every piece of information this country has about UFO sightings available to the public, and the scientists. I am convinced that UFO's exist, because I have seen one." And this from a man who avoids hard liquor.

I began making inquiries. The Top NASA Scientists told me the truth of the matter is that the data from Mars are equivocal, and scientists are divided about 50–50 as to whether a chemical or a biological reaction probably caused the results of the Viking lander's experiments on Martian soil. Walter Cronkite says he was never interviewed by the *Enquirer*; he never said such things to anybody; and he never talked about aliens with Barry Goldwater. Billy Graham insists that all he told the *Enquirer* was that nothing in the Bible says there *isn't* life on other planets, so there could be. President Carter's press office would neither confirm nor deny the Carter interview, though one aide said, "I do seem to remember something about his saying he'd make Air Force records on UFO's public." It's clear that you can't trust the *Enquirer*. Carter, I'm reserving judgment on.

The *Enquirer* has not been the only source of space news, however. It was the widely respected *New York Times* that reported: ASTRONOMER FEARS HOSTILE ATTACK; WOULD KEEP LIFE ON EARTH A SECRET. It seems that Sir Martin Ryle, Nobel laureate in physics and Britain's Astronomer

Royal, is trying to persuade the radio astronomers of the world to refrain from making known the existence of life on this planet, lest the Earth be invaded by hostile beings. The International Astronomical Union took no action on Sir Martin's appeal, perhaps because no attempts to send signals to other worlds are contemplated. Radar and television signals have by now reached out at least 20 light years in all directions anyway.

The Soviet Union, meanwhile, is in the grip of a flying-saucer craze. *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, a party newspaper, attempted to debunk reports of UFO sightings, arguing that "Western militarists use the specter of flying saucers to fan the cold war." Yet rumors persist that UFOs appeared over the city of Nalchik, trailed an airliner from Vorkuta to Omsk and hovered over a railroad crossing at Golytsino for 45 minutes; auto engines stalled and could not be started until the saucer left.

Stalled auto engines are a common effect of UFO visits, according to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization. One member of APRO, Dr. James Harder, a professor of hydraulic engineering at Berkeley, told me that he has personally interviewed 20 people who have been taken aboard alien spacecraft. Professor Harder says that it is theoretically possible to produce a "zero mass" spacecraft that could travel at nearly the speed of light, enabling it to traverse interstellar distances.

The possibility is more than theoretical for Mrs. Betty Hill, an articulate retired social worker from Portsmouth, N.H. She was kind enough to discuss with me in some detail the events of September 19, 1961, when she and her husband Barney were abducted by humanoids from Zeta Reticuli, 37.5 light years away. At first the Hills remembered nothing except having seen a UFO as they drove along a deserted Route 3 in the White Mountains of New Hampshire late that night. But when Barney developed an ulcer, was referred to a doctor in Boston and was hypnotized, the details flooded out. The humanoids were under five-feet tall, slender, with large wraparound eyes, no ears, almost no nose and a thin slit for a mouth. They were completely bald, had grayish skin and wore dark blue coveralls. They dragged the Hills onto a spacecraft about 60 feet in diameter, shaped like a straw boater. Communicating in imperfect English, perhaps telepathically, they subjected them to physical examinations. "They seemed to be very interested in my zipper," Mrs. Hill said. "Their clothes had none."

Since her abduction, Mrs. Hill has pursued UFO research, with considerable success. When people see UFOs, they often call her, and she goes out and sees them too. Sightings are on the increase; ever larger craft are being seen in ever larger groups. "In New Hampshire we claim that we're the home of the UFO," she said. "Anybody can see them. All you have to do is go out and look."

I'm waiting for that presidential report. ●

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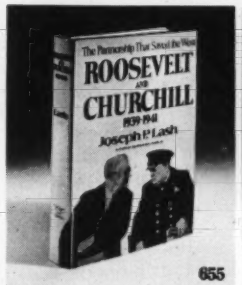

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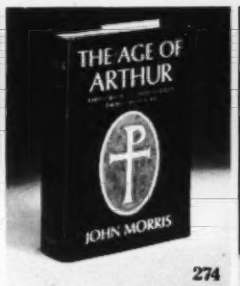

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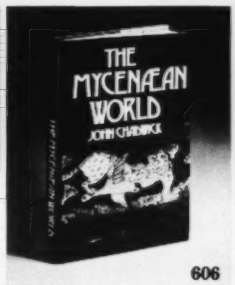

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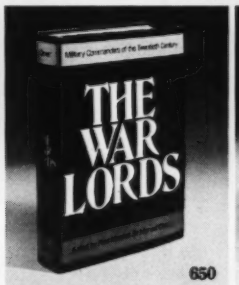

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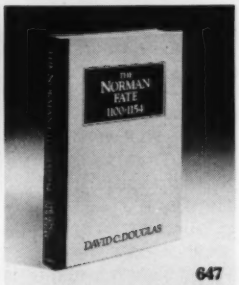

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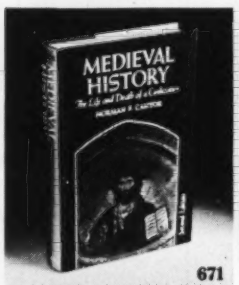

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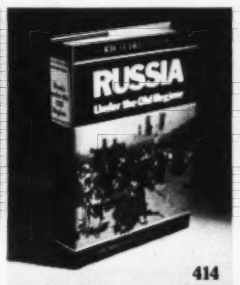

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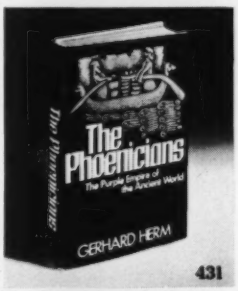

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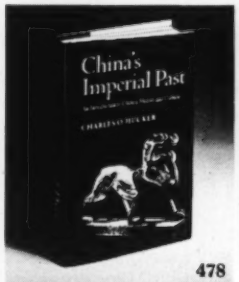

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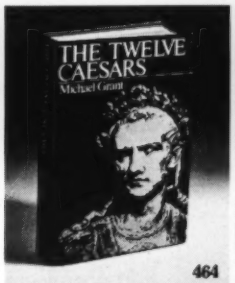

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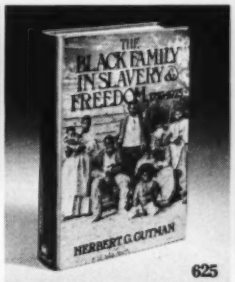

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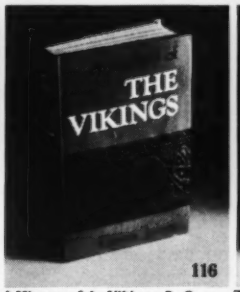

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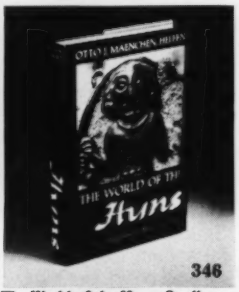

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Party Lines

Symbol of our times/By Robert Shrum

What will be remembered is the walking, not the talking. The walk was the wordless keynote of Jimmy Carter's first day in office, and since then one populist image has succeeded another: Billy downing a six-pack of Pabst. Jimmy swearing off ruffles and flourishes. Amy's first day in an integrated public school. Rosalynn making do with her dress from the last dance. Even a son busted for smoking dope. And their house, the White House, sharing the chill of the coldest winter. From it all emerged the feeling that though he is president, he is also still Jimmy. "He means it," Walter Cronkite said during the inaugural walk. "He really means it, getting out there, getting close to the people."

Symbols alone do not a populist make. Images are not programs. But politics does not function by substance alone, either. Symbols can be a powerful force in their own right.

In 1944, FDR—"that tired old man," as the Republicans called him—answered their taunt by motorcading the streets of New York in an open car through eight hours of driving rain. Soaked to the skin, shivering to the bone, in constant pain, he waved and smiled all the way. What the public saw was a president fit for a fourth term. They missed the grim reality afterward: Roosevelt near collapse in his wife's Washington Square apartment gulping nitroglycerin for angina. Less than six months later he was dead. But the symbolism had served his purpose: he died in office, not a defeated man on a sickbed.

Sometimes symbols are virtually all a leader has to offer. As mayor of New York, John Lindsay could not command the resources to wage municipal war against the poverty of the ghettos. So instead he gave them his presence, going into the tinderbox streets of Harlem on the worst nights of the 1960s. Alone among the great cities of America, New York did not burn. Later, when riots tore through the city jails, Lindsay went there too, unguarded, promising little, unable even to uplift that small sector of his domain. But the inmates saw that he trusted them enough to come, that he cared about their lives even if he could not transform their condition. And there followed no Attica in New York City.

Symbols can be misused as well as used; they can be invoked by a warmaker as easily as by a peacekeeper. Richard Nixon wore an American flag in his lapel, a patriotic talisman of support for the war in Vietnam . . . of support for *him*. The symbol of nationhood became a partisan trinket.

Even the most obvious symbols can become a patina on policies of the opposite meaning. Amy Carter in her integrated school, Andy Young at the United Nations, Hank Aaron at the inaugural gala could turn out to be small reparation for Griffin Bell in the Justice Department. As a candidate for governor of Georgia in 1970, Carter visited a private all-white academy. He didn't tell the segregationists he was one of them. He was just stopping by.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON/BLACK STAR

And after he won he put Martin Luther King's portrait on the State House wall.

Walking by on inauguration day, Carter gave us a mood, but no certainty of intention. Through the weather crisis, he has symbolized the necessity of conservation, asking Americans to turn their thermostats down to the discomfort level, himself lowering the White House temperature to 55° at night. He helicoptered to Pittsburgh to tell laid-off workers that millions of Americans, including his own family, were making sacrifices so that industry might soon be restored to full production.

But the substance has not yet matched the symbols. Carter's most tangible act so far has been to request decontrol of natural gas prices. Decontrol is perhaps the most regressive means of conservation, providing a windfall profit for energy producers while placing "an extra burden on the poor," as environmentalist Barry Commoner has put it. To the extent the policy actually achieves lowered fuel demands, it automatically tightens the screws on consumers another notch. Commoner reminds us that during the 1973 energy crisis, "when householders reduced their demand for electricity, the power companies asked for rate increases to make up for the lost business." There are other, fairer methods of conservation, but, as Commoner points out, "they challenge the basic design of the economic system," which profits from manufacturing bigger cars and multiplying convenience appliances.

Carter's decisions, as distinct from his images, in his first days in office do not point in the populist direction of that inaugural walk. Already he has postponed auto-pollution standards. Ford economic adviser Alan Greenspan recently blessed the Carter economic plan as not far from what a reelected Ford might have proposed. Even the populist symbolism slipped slightly on inaugural day with Henry Ford II sitting in one of the seats on the platform reserved for "personal friends" of the President.

It is cold now, and it may be as cold in the years just ahead; but for how many winters will a chilly White House warm our spirits? Black teenage unemployment is close to 70 percent in the inner cities, according to an Urban League survey. But how long will a president wearing blue jeans to work in the Oval Office satisfy the young men in blue jeans who have no work to go to in Detroit? Eventually, symbolism is not enough, as Lindsay with his walks and Nixon with his little flags each found out.

For many, what Carter's symbols have bought him is time. Many liberals who were ready to give up on him after the transition are now pausing, saying they will wait and see, as they try to fathom such mixed signals as the reopening of the Justice Department's great bronze doors, closed since the peace marches, versus the appointment to the Pentagon of men who helped fashion the Vietnam war.

We have seen the symbols, and they are inconclusive. Now we await the substance.

Ford Pinto. The best-selling small car in America.

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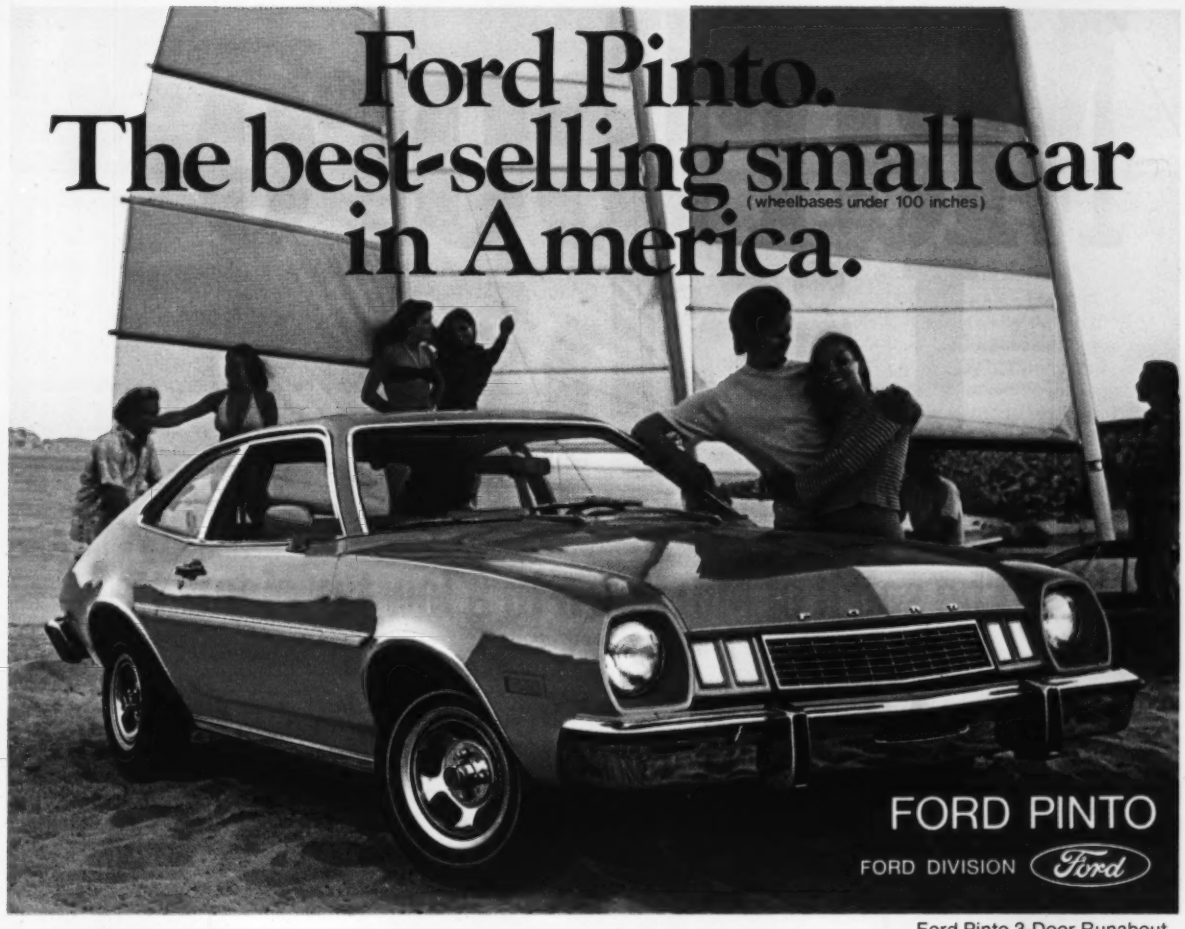

Ford Pinto 3-Door Runabout

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1. Low price plus . . . Pinto starts out with a low price. But that low price includes a powerful cast-iron engine for climbing steep hills, passing quickly, and entering highways confidently. Pinto also has a wide track to help give it a comfortable, stable ride. And every Pinto has a sporty suspension system and rack-and-pinion steering for precise, responsive handling.

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EPA estimates: With 2.3 liter engine, manual transmission, 2.73 axle without air conditioning, power steering and power brakes. Your actual mileage will vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment, and how and where you drive. California and high altitude ratings lower.

3. Scheduled maintenance reduced $353.

- Over the past four years, more than 75% of the scheduled maintenance requirements on Pinto's 4-cylinder engine have been reduced or eliminated. That's an estimated reduction in costs of $353.
- So today, the base Pinto's average scheduled service is estimated at only $186 for the first 50,000 miles.

Based on Ford's Service Labor Time Standards Manual, a $13.50 labor rate, and suggested retail parts prices in effect 8/31/76.

4. High resale value.

Pinto consistently has high resale value. Compare Pinto's resale prices to Vega's, for example:

Used Car Retail Prices, January 1977

MODEL YEAR	VEGA	PINTO	Pinto Advantage
1973	$1,264	$1,489	$225
1974	$1,572	$1,861	$289
1975	$1,958	$2,306	$348

Source: National Average N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide

It's easy to see why most small cars have a tough time beating Pinto's built-in and lasting value.

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- **Rugged unit-body construction.**
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- **More than 5,500 Ford Dealers.**

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13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Letters

Threads of SF

That's a cute trick you people pulled. The only mention of science fiction as an idea source was disparaging ("Future imperfect," January 7), yet every concept discussed in your special Future issue has at one time or another been used in a science-fiction story. Thank you for a well-constructed, thoroughly entertaining issue.

Robert Marcum
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Asexual freedom

Congratulations to Andrew Kopkind for his article on our ultimate destination in sexuality: androgyny, the ultimate in sexual freedom (January 7). Although it is somewhat understandable, it is inexcusable that Alexandra Kaplan and Joan Bean should opine that a social-welfare economy is the only society that could support androgyny. They feel that our current economic system is an "outgrowth of the competitive, achievement-oriented values of the male model."Actually, competition and achievement are asexual phenomena and desirable in their own right. It is merely our society that incorrectly defines them as masculine.

The only market system that can logically exist with androgyny is one where an individual is free to choose or produce any product or lifestyle or service imaginable. Economic freedom is absolutely essential, as is political freedom. It is not a coincidence that androgyny manifested itself in countries with the highest measures of political and economic freedom.

Raymond K. Birks
Downers Grove, Illinois

Tasty politics

Gallo wines may be improving in quality for your oenologist, Robert Jay Misch (Food, January 7), but Ernesto and Julio's politics are still bad. Gallo has faileed to sign with the United Farm Workers' union—a matter of great importance to the thousands of farm-worker families in California who are still trying to improve their lives through unionization of the agricultural industry. The boycott continues.

Bill Beckett
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Smart bombs

The final section of George A. W. Boehm's piece ("Lasers: the light at the end of the tunnel?" January 7) somehow manages to miss some of the primary, currently implemented military uses of lasers. The author states that the Defense Department "pooh-poohs" laser ray guns.

The use of laser designator/ smart bomb systems, a weapon used extensively in Vietnam and one that has revolutionized warfare, is omitted. In these systems, a dot of laser light is played on the target by a pilot. A "smart bomb," either dropped from a plane or launched like an artillery shell, then homes in on the spot of light. These weapons are functional, effective and deadly.

Michael Polatnick
Oakland, California

Wishful thinking

F. M. Esfandiary's "Future Tribute" points out the technological wonders of the future that will end most of the major problems of the world. Criticizing the popularity of pessimism, he explains that if we all just keep working and stop worrying, everything's gonna be great in 20 or 30 years.

Unfortunately, there are some people who cannot afford the luxury of that speculation. These are not "reactionaries" or "doomsayers" but those people who wonder when they will see their next meal, or how long they will continue to stand on unemployment lines. They are cancer statistics and political refugees.

There are established procedures for reducing pessimistic attitudes. Mental institutions specialize in trying to instill optimism. Lobotomies are helpful too. And for the wealthier worriers, there is the tried and true cure of running for president.

Michael A. Tait
Genesco, New York

F. M. Esfandiary speaks of separation and changes in time/distance without a view toward the emerging patterns of knowledge and wisdom of our world. No value can be achieved by spreading an out-of-phase lifestyle across the heavens. It is important to see that, in the evolutionary course of 4 billion years, our planet has yielded complex systems sensitively suited to the forces acting upon them.

As an architect and environmental planner, I see an optimistic future, not by dominance and control of natural systems via technology, but by harmony and balance with the universe through an understanding of those systems, both physically and spiritually.

Robert D. Colyer
San Francisco, California

Researching DNA

Your January 7 issue on the future was something else. Arthur Lubow's article on DNA manipulation intrigued me most ("Playing God with DNA"). The crucial question is whose specific interest the scientific community's work serves. Pure research done in the sole interest of human curiosity is never harmful. However, when such curiosity becomes diverted and perverted by those few who would use such sacred work for their own selfish reasons (be they profit and/or military), then serious motivational questions must be asked. The problem then is one of private gain versus general welfare. The answer is the removal of the profit motive and its replacement by a higher motive. The answer is socialism.

John Russell
Memphis, Tennessee

Peanuts to you!

I have about had it with your negativism toward Jimmy Carter. Robert Sam Anson's piece is just the latest in a long series of articles that conclude that Carter has "put one over on us " ("Party Lines," January 21).

American presidents are traditionally given 100 days before any trends are attributed to their policies or general conclusions formed. *New Times* has been on his case since the primaries, although he hadn't been in office for a single day while those articles were written. I'll be watching carefully to see how he handles his job. But as I write this letter he has been in office exactly three days. Why has your magazine already seen fit to pass judgment?

Donald L. Trapani
Sacramento, California

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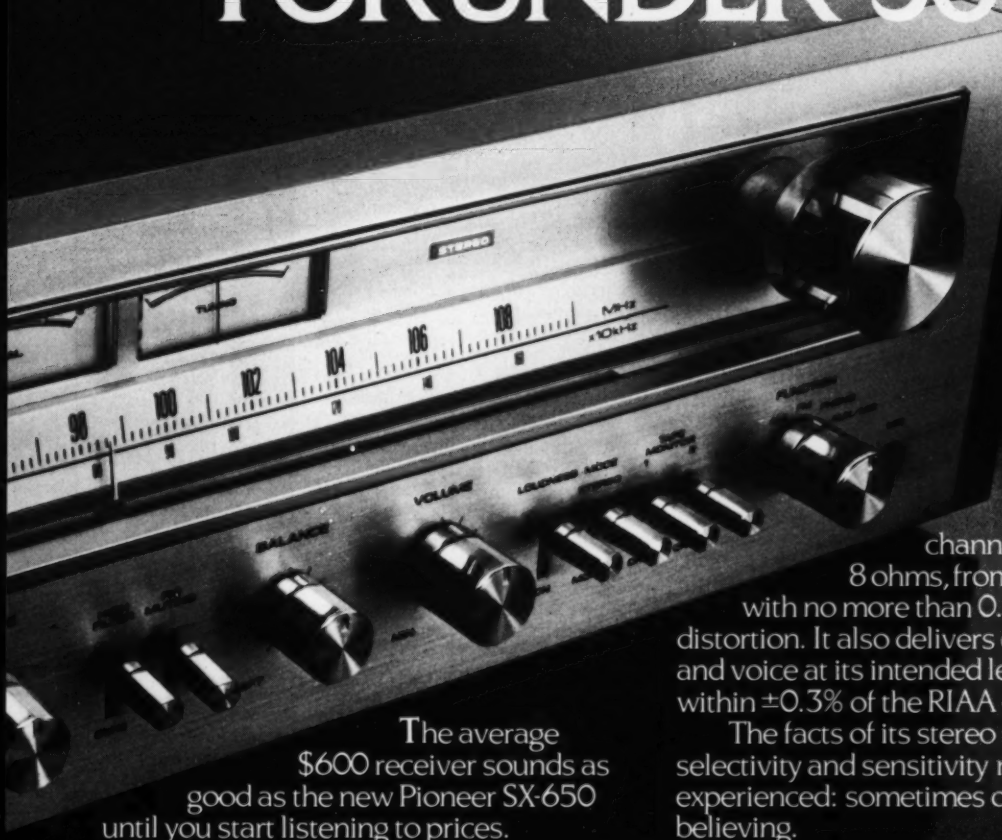

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*For informational purposes only, the SX-650 is priced under $300. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

Well, Robert Sam, you can't depend on it! As a tired sixties hippie I thought to vote last November. After reading several speculative articles about the candidates (including one, which I've now disposed of, called "Looking for Jimmy"), I decided it had to be a choice between "peanuts" or "pardon me."

But it does now seem that, as usual, it weren't much of a choice. Pardon me, but nuts to you.

Rich Frase
Minneapolis, Minnesota

It was with great disappointment that I read Anson's piece on Jimmy Carter's betrayal of the liberal cause. Liberals at root believe in the inevitability of change, the healthiness of change. To cling rigidly to the sixties' definition of liberalism is to be shortsighted and, in fact, is a betrayal of the true nature of liberalism.

I say let's give Jimmy Carter a chance. Continue to change, Robert Sam Anson, or you risk becoming the personification of eighties brand conservatism.

Jacqueline Evangelista
Columbus, Ohio

Hurrah for Robert Sam Anson. He has redeemed himself . . . almost. He's now joined the millions of nonvoters who realized that the only choice last November was between old bullshit and new bullshit. And may the best smile win.

Peter M. Leschak
Hibbing, Minnesota

It takes a helluva journalist to admit publicly, without backing and filling, that he blew a story. If nothing else, Anson has illustrated the dangers of burying journalistic skepticism under piles of hopes.

Christopher G. Wren
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Anson's piece is pure propaganda of the rankest sort. Are we expected to forgive him and assume he is now a responsible critic of the Carter administration? There are critics who never had any such illusions. We do not need to put up with incompetent and lawless politicians anymore than deluded critics. Washing their sheets in public doesn't make Klansmen good.

Victor Batorsky
Brooklyn, New York

Thank goodness you have come to your senses about the great populist, Jimmee. But how could you people be so fooled? Perhaps it was because you don't have to live here. You simply drop in and believe everything those sneakily li'l ole southerns tell you. If the forthcoming presidency would not bother me so much, I would enjoy saying that it serves you right. However, anytime you would like to trade locales, just come on down, you heah?

Peggy Heilig
Charlotte, North Carolina

Hughes gotta have Hart

Rarely does one encounter such a contrast of personalities as in your January 21 issue.

On the one hand, Michael Drosnin's article, "The great Hughes heist," underlines Hughes' all-engulfing mania for more money, more property and the power such acquisitions confer on their possessor. At no time does a shred of warmth or concern for any other human become evident.

Senator Kennedy's "Final Tribute" to the late Senator Hart presents the other side of the coin. The late senator was a good person, always concerned with other people and their well-being. And how very sad that the former type seems to be more prevalent in the world than the latter.

Frances E. Fish
Southampton, New York

The black arena

I appreciated Robert Shrum's article "Carter and the blacks" (January 21). Being a black, I was surprised to discover that the black political power elite considers the U.N. ambassadorship a token position. Malcolm X said in the 1960s that our civil rights struggle should be taken out of the national arena and waged in the international arena under the banner of human rights. Andrew Young now has the opportunity to do just that.

Ben Martin
Auburn, New York

Shortt on energy

Your article "Trashing the Energy Crisis" (January 21) is quite informative. As it states, I am impressed with the Wallace/Atkins process. However, you should know that, as director of the energy resource development division of the FEA, I cannot recommend one specific energy firm or process—my responsibilities are very broad and involve encouraging the development of many new energy resources and technologies.

Charles E. Shortt
Dallas, Texas

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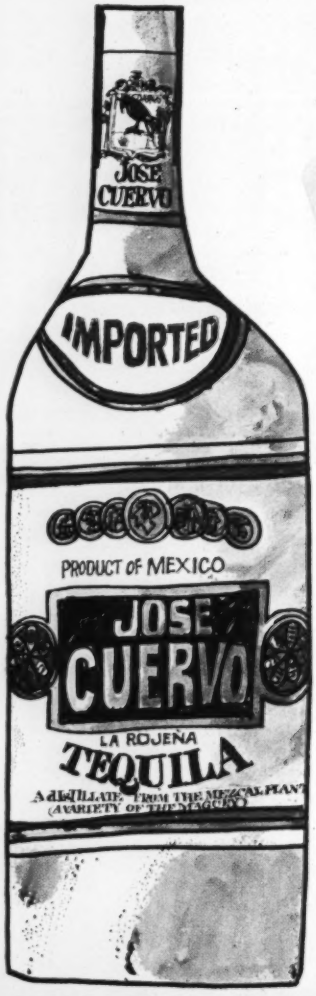

If you don't want a ring around your drink, remember this. The first white is Jose Cuervo White. Since 1795 Jose Cuervo has been the first, the premium tequila.

And Jose Cuervo is made to mix best. With cola, tonic, collins, water, orange juice, grapefruit juice, juices and etc., etc., etc.

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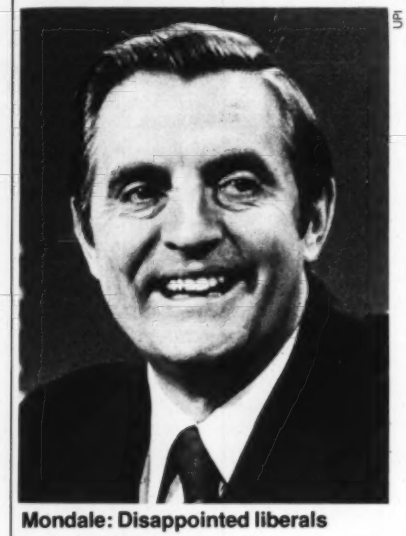
The Insider

Complaints about Carter/Carcinogenic Coke bottles?

Politics

The Mondale influence

Vice-President Mondale was going to be the leading liberal advocate within the Carter Administration—or so liberals believed.



UPI

Mondale: Disappointed liberals

But in fact, claim Carter insiders, it was Mondale who most influenced Carter to stock his cabinet primarily with high-level establishment figures. Mondale's first choices included Cyrus Vance for the State Department and Joseph Califano for HEW. Mondale also listed Harold Brown among his top choices for Defense and endorsed Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal. "It wasn't totally Jimmy's fault. It was Mondale who was a disaster during the selection of the cabinet," says one Carter associate who had hoped the President would select more outsiders, as he had promised to do during the campaign.

Bedside manners?

When Walter and Joan Mondale moved into the official vice-presidential residence, they found everything ready and waiting for them. Everything, that is, but a bed—specifically, the much touted $35,000 surrealist "cage bed," designed by Max Ernst and donated to the American public by previous occupant Nelson Rockefeller. Seems that Rocky was so miffed by Senator William Proxmire's criticism of budget overruns on refurbishing the house that when he left the capital, present or not, he took the celebrated bed with him.

Congressional relations

An irritated House Speaker, Tip O'Neill, is increasingly worried about the future of the Carter Administration's relations with Congress. In cloakroom conversations, he has characterized the White House legislative liaison operation headed by Frank Moore, a member of Carter's Georgia mafia, as "just plain dumb." During a recent meeting, O'Neill told Carter: "You can be a great president with the help of Congress." Carter replied that he hoped for that help, but, if necessary, he would "go over their heads, as I did in Georgia." Afterward, O'Neill commented to an associate, "In six months or a year, I could be fighting my own guys [House Democrats] not to run against Carter in 1978." O'Neill, an Irish pol of the old school, has also confided to friends in Boston that he finds Carter "a cold fish," adding, in reference to the President's resistance to public work for the unemployed, "Sometimes, I'm not sure whether we've elected a Republican or a Democrat."

Ford after the fall

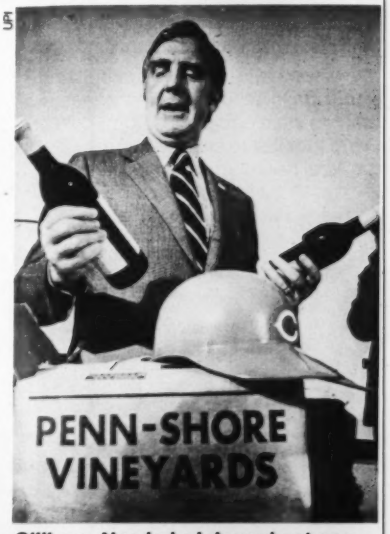
Despite the smoothness of the transition, Gerald Ford found it difficult to warm up to his successor. After one meeting with Carter, he commented to aides that "he doesn't know anything." Ford was especially irked when Carter asked if Ford had attended the first economic summit of the Western industrial nations. That summit had been Ford's idea to begin with. Ford also complained that throughout their meeting, Carter never smiled. The ex-president has told close associates, including former Counselor Robert Hartman, that he is serious about another race for the White House in 1980. With Reagan likely to be in the race, it could be 1976 all over again. But this time, guesses a midwestern state GOP chairman, "Ronnie would win." Ford's decision will depend heavily on the state of former first lady Betty Ford's health, which several of Ford's ex-White House staff members characterize as far more serious than is publicly conceded.

The draft

Though powerful congressional and Pentagon officials are pushing for a restoration of the draft, it won't happen before 1980 if Carter has his way. "Jimmy doesn't want to go into the next election as the president who started that again," reports a longtime Carter political adviser. "Remember Dole and the Democrat wars."

The future of foreign aid

During Carter's foreign policy discussions with congressional leaders a week before the inauguration at the Smithsonian Castle, the most frequently voiced complaint concerned waste in the bloated foreign aid budget. After the meeting, Carter decided that potential AID (Agency for International Development) directors, such as Sargent Shriver and former Kennedy and McGovern assistant Frank Mankiewicz, would be resistant to aid cuts, which Carter foresees as a probable political necessity. So instead he selected former Ohio Governor John Gilligan on the ground, a State Department official says, that "he needed a tough administrator." A former Gilligan associate finds the appointment "strange. Jack's weakness is administration and he's as liberal as Shriver. But he will do what he's told. He was very critical of Carter during the early primaries, then endorsed him just before Ohio. Jack needed a job. Now he's got one."



UPI

Gilligan: Needed a job, and got one

The Latin American snafu

Frank Mankiewicz lost out for a second job in the Carter Administration: assistant secretary of state for Latin America, where he once served as a Peace Corps director. Originally, the post was thought likely to go to Mankiewicz or Ed Torres, a

UPI

Terence Todman: Satisfied no one

Hispanic and codirector of the International Affairs Department of the United Auto Workers. Secretary of State Vance turned down Torres on the basis that he lacked sufficient foreign policy experience. The solution seemed to be to appoint another minority representative, black career foreign service officer Terence Todman, who has served as ambassador to Costa Rica. But that selection managed to offend almost everyone. Leading black politicians hoped the pick would not be counted as one of theirs. "Charlie Rangel [the black congressman from Harlem] has never heard of the guy," said a fellow member of the Congressional Black Caucus. Hispanic leaders were also angry. "We could have lost out to a Shriver or a Mankiewicz and it would have been all right. They are big men. But Todman?" And Latin American nations were equally unhappy. "Carter used the post to satisfy a domestic political need," one Latin American ambassador complained. "He made us feel we weren't important enough."

Mind & Body

Plastic Coke bottles: a health hazard?

How's this for progress: the original straight-lined Coca-Cola bottle, and its fluted, contoured successor of 1916, were both returnable and aesthetically pleasing. The bottle introduced in 1961 was far less handsome, and not returnable. Now, Coke has come up with an even newer bottle: one that is not returnable, and just possibly may be a health hazard.

In 1975, Coca-Cola broke the glass barrier and began test marketing a plastic bottle in Providence, R.I. Coke is now sold in plastic bottles in eight states. The 32-ounce plastic Coke bottle is manufactured by Monsanto out of a chemical called acrylonitrile. Lawyers for the Natural Resources Defense Council are trying to persuade the Food and Drug Administration that acrylonitrile may cause cancer.

The scientific evidence is still sketchy. In a screening test conducted by DuPont, acrylonitrile was shown to produce mutations in Salmonella bacteria. The screening test, developed by Bruce Ames at the University of California at Berkeley, is considered the most reliable quick check for carcinogenicity. The Ames test data of DuPont, however, are contradicted by results of tests performed by other companies.

To satisfy FDA regulations, the Manufacturing Chemists Association has sponsored long-term studies on rats fed varying concentrations of acrylonitrile. Last year the Dow Chemical labs, which are conducting the experiments, reported that acrylonitrile can produce birth defects in rats. Dow released last month a 13-month report on another two-year study. In rats that had been fed acrylonitrile, researchers observed brain lesions, masses in the ear canal, stomach polyps and breast tumors. The scientists have not yet performed a pathological examination to determine if the growths are cancerous.

The question is whether acrylonitrile seeps from the plastic bottle into the beverage. Monsanto, the manufacturer of the bottle, says no. A company spokesman says that Monsanto tested for "migration" of acrylonitrile into the liquid and, at a sensitivity of 50 parts per billion, found nothing. "It's a safe package," says a Coca-Cola representative.

But Karim Ahmed of the Natural Resources Defense Council says that the 50 parts per billion cutoff is arbitrary, and more sensitive techniques can detect lower concentrations. If acrylonitrile is found to cause cancer in animals, no detectable amount of the chemical will be permitted in beverages.

FDA scientists are now testing migration levels to see if the current permissible seepage level of 300 parts per billion should be revised. "You can see which way the wind is blowing," says FDA lawyer Ralph Stafko. "It's pretty safe to say we're going to be tightening up these regulations."

FDA hopes to reach a decision by the end of the month. Along with its judgment on the health effects of acrylonitrile, the agency will review the environmental impact of billions of nondegradable plastic bottles. "The bottles are super-stable, which is both a plus and a minus," says Stafko. "It's a plus, because the acrylonitrile won't be leaching into the soil or water. It's a minus, because the bottles will sit there forever."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER M. FINE

Coke's three generations of bottles: Good, worse, worst?

Surfer's ear

It's beginning to seem as if every sport has its special hazard. First it was tennis elbow, then frisbee finger. Now comes surfer's ear.

The surfing syndrome came to

PHOTOGRAPH BY WARREN BOLSTER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Sporting hazard: Tennis elbow, frisbee finger and now surfer's ear

light at the Stanford School of Medicine, where surfing freaks kept turning up, complaining about impaired hearing. When otolaryngologist Daniel Seftel investigated, he found that each of the men—who had surfed almost daily for years—had developed bony growths inside their ears. Brought on by waves crashing cold water into the sensitive ear canal, the growths sometimes became so large they completely obscured the eardrum.

Fortunately, the bony appendage can be surgically removed and hearing fully restored. And the problem can be bypassed altogether, Dr. Seftel says, by wearing a set of custom-fitted, molded ear plugs.

Seventies

Assassination inquiry: forward, march. . . sort of

After being in legal limbo for a month, the House Select Committee on Assassination escaped extinction last week when the full House voted 237–164 to reconstitute it. This was a much slimmer margin than the nearly 4–1 majority that set up the investigations into the murders of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King last September. And the committee's new mandate allowed it to resume work for only 60 days, at the end of which the House will reevaluate the panel's progress and budget; this was further evidence of Congress' diminished confidence in its own assassination inquiry.

Many of the problems encountered by the committee have been of its own making. The $6.5 million annual budget suggested by Chief Counsel Richard A. Sprague as a "bare-boned minimum" required to conduct an adequate investigation was clearly not well thought out, and the initial report of the committee failed to make a convincing case to justify the scope of the projected investigation. The interim chairman of the committee, Thomas N. Downing (now retired, to be replaced by Congressman Henry B. Gonzalez of Texas), made a serious tactical error in encouraging Sprague to assume the role of spokesman for the committee, a prerogative normally reserved for committee chairmen or other elected committee members. "Congressmen were madder than hell at Sprague for talking too much," says one veteran Capitol Hill observer. Downing's failure to set up stringent rules of procedure to be followed by the committee and its staff also contributed to the problem.

The first barrage of criticism began on December 15 with an article in the *Los Angeles Times* based upon an informal breakfast chat between Sprague and a large group of *Times* reporters. One of the main questioners at the breakfast was Washington bureau chief Jack Nelson, a staunch defender of the Warren Report (though he recently conceded he has not read it) and critic of the need for a new inquiry. The *Times* stated that the committee planned to purchase two tiny transmitters for the purpose of surreptitiously recording witnesses and secretly subjecting them to voice-activated lie detectors. Sprague vehemently denies any such statement or implication or even that the transmitters (which are listed in the committee's itemized budget request) ever came up, a defense that is supported by examination of a transcript of the exchange and implicitly by the *Times*' failure to attribute the statement to Sprague. Sprague insists that the supposed connection between the committee's use of lie detectors and the transmitters was pure inference on the part of the *Times*, and that the only purpose of the transmitters was as a communication device to be used by investigators. He cited the committee's publicly stated policy of *openly* recording witnesses with their knowledge and consent.

The day after the *Times* piece appeared, Congressman Don Edwards (D-Cal), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights and a former FBI agent, wrote to Chairman Downing denouncing Sprague's investigative methods as outlined in the article, calling them "wrong, immoral, and very likely illegal." The letter, a copy of which was sent to the House leadership, received considerable attention on the Hill.

With the controversy mounting, the *New York Times* ran an article by David Burnham on January 2, the day before the convening of the 95th Congress, which portrayed Sprague's 17-year career in the Philadelphia district attorney's office as a series of especially dirty scandals. Congressman Gonzalez angrily denounced the piece on the floor of the House, calling it "a journalistic vendetta." Claude Lewis, associate editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, found it inconceivable that an objective reporter could write such a totally negative piece about Sprague, something of a legend, albeit a controversial one, in Philadelphia law enforcement. "You can dig up dirt on anyone if you look hard enough," noted Lewis. Others familiar with Sprague's career, not all ardent supporters, were likewise quick to brand Burnham's piece a "hatchet job."

With congressional support for the committee rapidly eroding, Burnham continued to hammer Sprague, publishing on January 6 excerpts from the Edwards letters attacking Sprague's methods. The piece repeated the inferences first made in the *LA Times*, but made no reference to the fact that Sprague had denied them.

With the Assassination Committee technically out of existence as of the end of the 94th Congress, with its staff taking on the role of unpaid volunteers, and its access to classified material cut off, Congressman

WIDE WORLD

Richard Sprague: Vendetta victim?

Gonzalez decided to return to the Rules Committee with a brand new resolution reconstituting the panel. By this time House Speaker Tip O'Neill, a supporter of the resolution, was voicing doubts that floor passage was a certainty.

On January 25, the date set for debate on the new resolution before the Rules Committee, the *New York Times* printed a new Burnham piece containing denunciations of Sprague. The article inferred that Sprague's successful prosecution of UMW leader Tony Boyle (overturned because of judicial error last week) was the result of a fix obtained in return for whitewashing corruption in Delaware County where the judge's brother was a commissioner. This implication was angrily denounced by several observers, including Joseph A. Yablonski Jr., son of the labor leader allegedly slain on Boyle's orders. Washington lawyer Joseph Rauh, a former ADA head who participated in the Boyle investigations, also branded the inferences as ridiculous. "Someone's out to do a number on Sprague," he observed bitterly. Sprague's reply that a challenge to his dual roles had been dismissed by the courts prior to the Boyle trial was omitted from the piece—"snipped by some jerk in New York," according to Burnham. The *Times* corrected its error four days later by publishing the three snipped paragraphs on page 17 above the crossword puzzle. Commented one committee member, "I never believed in conspiracies until now."

The committee seems to have survived largely because of a compromise resolution worked out with Don Edwards to overcome the latter's concerns over Constitutional safeguards. But the committee's new mandate is a shaky one, and there are many who question the spontaneity of the events that have so swiftly reversed its fortunes.

"Sprague's taken on the FBI and the CIA," says Joseph Rauh, "and you can't expect to do that without retaliation; the only thing I don't understand is why the *New York Times* is fighting their battles. What Congress really wants is a patty-cake investigation—I think Sprague's licked. It's too bad, because if anyone could have gotten to the bottom of it, he could have." Adds the *Philadelphia Bulletin*'s Claude Lewis, "If Sprague is turned loose and allowed to dig, I'm 100 percent certain he'll come up with startling findings, findings that could come uncomfortably close to the government. There are forces that don't want that to come out."

Sprague himself is discouraged by the battering he has taken in recent weeks. "The press has twisted our position and has carried attacks that assumed what our position was without seeking clarification from us," he says. "This must be the first investigation in the history of Congress that's been subjected to this kind of criticism because of conjecture about what we're *going* to do rather than anything we've actually done."

—Jerry Policoff

Panther trial

When William O'Neal recently took the witness stand in the $47.7 million civil suit filed by survivors of the 1969 Chicago police raid, in which Black Panther leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were slain, a chant of "pig, pig, pig" arose from the plaintiffs' side of the courtroom.

In 1969–70, O'Neal earned $30,000 as a paid FBI informant who so successfully infiltrated the Panthers that he became Fred Hampton's personal bodyguard. It was O'Neal

Fred Hampton: Gunned down at dawn

who provided the FBI with a floor plan of Hampton's apartment, a plan that the 14-man police unit referred to when surprising the sleeping residents at dawn with a nine-minute spray of gunfire. An autopsy revealed abnormally high levels of barbiturates in Hampton's blood; the plaintiffs believe that O'Neal drugged Hampton the night before the raid. FBI documents in evidence show that O'Neal was rewarded for his efforts with a $300 bonus.

After three earlier "official" investigations of the raid, during which neither he nor the FBI was even mentioned, O'Neal is back on the government payroll, this time earning about $3,000 a month to testify in his own defense. (Other defendants in the case include the FBI, the Chicago police department and the Illinois State Attorney's Office.) The payments, which started in September 1975—on the day he served his deposition in the case—are for "subsistence," O'Neal says.

Though able to subsist comfortably on his government salary, O'Neal did have some uncomfortable moments during his six weeks of testimony. While being questioned about the floor plan and his request to be a pallbearer at Hampton's funeral, O'Neal disappeared during a lunch recess last December 8 and didn't turn up again for five days. The defense explained that his wife was ill, but upon returning, O'Neal failed to bring the medical note that the plaintiffs' attorneys had requested. Although the plaintiffs believe that O'Neal was really holding out for more government money, Judge Joseph Sam Perry would not permit them to question O'Neal about his absence, ruling that to do so would violate security—O'Neal's location is a well-kept government secret.

It is no secret that the plaintiffs are dissatisfied with 80-year-old Perry's handling of the case. Despite the Court of Appeals' recent rejection of their request that it supervise the trial, they still contend that Perry's performance reflects overt prejudice. And who can blame them?

Former U.S. Attorney Sheldon Waxman has submitted an affidavit concerning two conversations he had with Perry in December 1975; Perry told him that Church Committee revelations regarding the FBI's counterintelligence program to subvert radical political groups, particularly the Panthers, were irrelevant to the case, and "They'll never be able to prove that the FBI killed those fellas." In fact, the FBI's COINTELPRO operation is at the heart of the plaintiffs' case; yet when it was revealed last spring that the FBI had withheld 50,000 pages of documents that it had been ordered to turn over, Perry announced that his confidence in the agency had not been shaken. And when the plaintiffs charged that defense attorneys conspired with the court reporter to price-fix the 20,000-page trial transcript at three times the lawful cost, thus preventing the plaintiffs from buying a copy and overcharging the taxpayers (who underwrite defense costs) by $60,000, Perry merely scheduled a hearing on the matter—*after* the trial ends.

Judge Perry has set a March 4 deadline for the plaintiffs to wrap up their presentation, and the case could go to the jury as early as April. Whatever the verdict, the losing side can be expected to call for a mistrial; subsequent appeals—and justice—could take years.

—Paul Engelman

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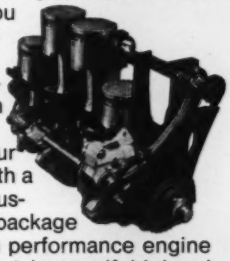

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ROOM AT THE TOP IN HARLEM

by Sonny Kleinfield

Anybody around here remember LBJ and the Great Society?

Some of the finest apartments in Manhattan are located in Harlem. They're a little harder to recognize now than they were a year ago, when the last construction gang packed up its plastery tools and planks and, perhaps, breathing a prayer for the dignity of labor lost, headed for the safety of Queens or Brooklyn or Staten Island. The money had run out. The four white, 35-story towers stood among the dark, squat clusters of tenements on 122nd Street like tourists who'd gotten off at the wrong subway stop.

And perhaps they had. The Taino Towers, begun during the most bellicose days of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, were to have been the biggest low-income housing complex ever attempted—656 apartments, glorious-sized rooms, terraces with views to make a Californian forget home, all done in smooth white. In addition, the Towers were to have been the most *human* development America had yet seen: community-oriented shops, a medical center to serve the whole neighborhood, a bilingual school to accommodate the Puerto Rican population, a tenant-controlled administrative setup, a day-care center so tenants could *work*.

In the late sixties, such thinking seemed appropriate. Ten years later it seemed naive. Taino Towers are completely empty: the Board of Education has abandoned plans for the school; commitments worth only $200,000 in annual rents have been realized from commerical tenants. Planners had hoped for $2 million. And the government says the project needs $800,000 in commitments to meet annual operating costs.

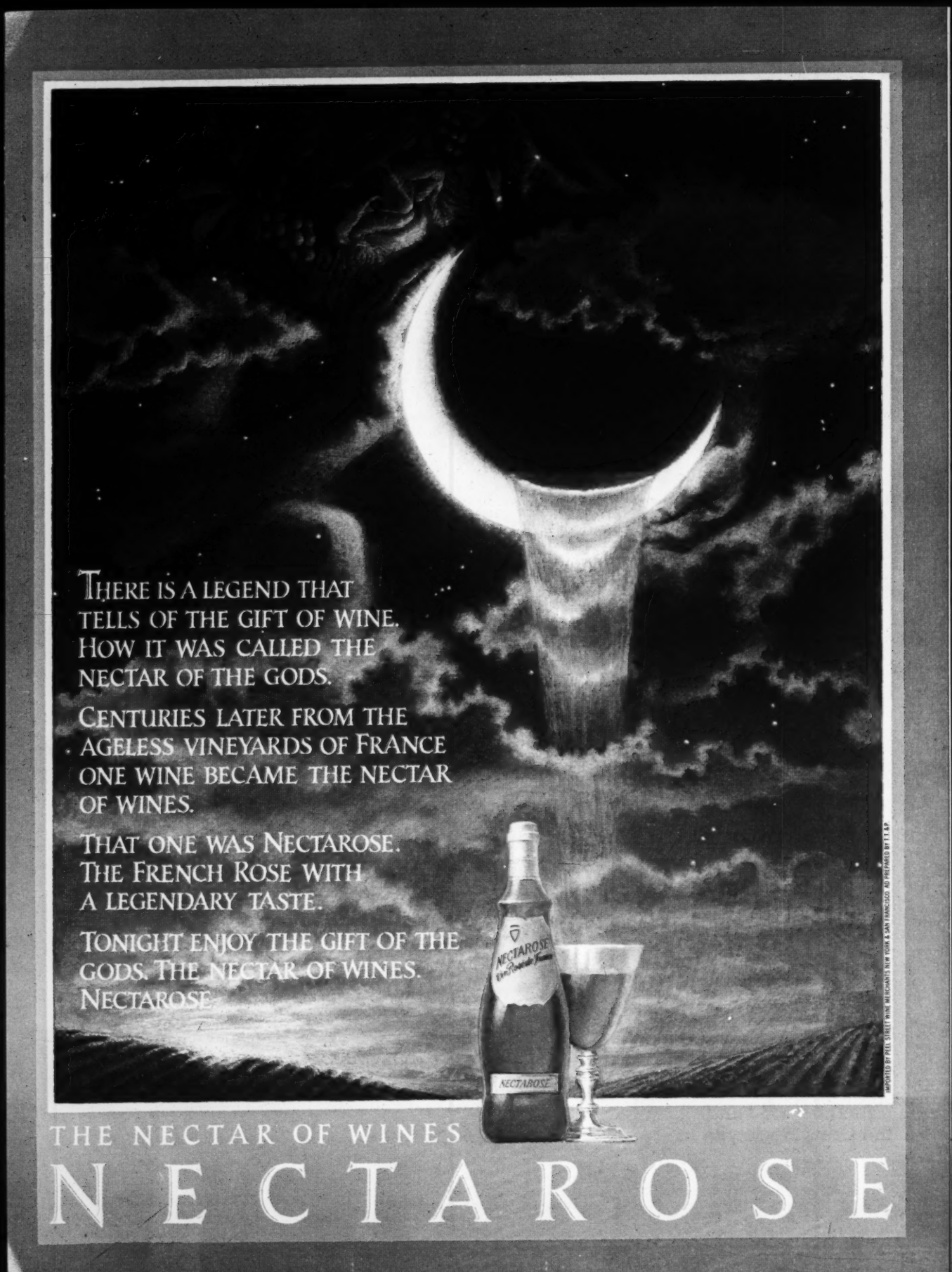
For several months last spring, only one guard patrolled the abandoned construction site. Vandals struck. Trucks pulled up to carry away stolen kitchen appliances. A wet fall and bitter winter have damaged the buildings. "We had pipes busted," said Julio Vazquez, chairman of the board of the East Harlem Redevelopment Project. "We had a waterfall coming out of the window. All the experts said that to winterize the buildings it was necessary to fire up the boilers and maintain the heat so there would be no paint peeling, warped doors, cracked tiles and floors. But HUD wouldn't do it. Now it's a wasteland. We keep saying the project is 90 percent complete, but it may be down to 85 or 80 percent." Further delay would be no surprise to residents of the area. In fact, they wouldn't be surprised if the towers never open. "Them towers?" remarked one of the neighborhood's idle men as he gazed upward. "Don't think them towers ever gonna open. Been like ten years, you know. They just a dream. Things OK as long as you keep your eyes closed."

In the summer of 1964, Harlem was a war zone. The pent-up tensions of its 233,000 inhabitants, crammed into a 3.5 square mile of land, had been simmering for three decades. Now the tensions had found an outlet in rioting and looting and killing. Community leaders hollered about what they called the "despair, hopelessness and futility" that permeated the neighborhood. Jesse Gray, bolstered by Malcolm X, was fomenting rent strikes in both Central and East Harlem. "Give us a better life, or no damn money," was the rallying cry. The strikes were illegal, but tenants found themselves with no other redress. Living conditions were subhuman and James Wechsler, a New York *Post* columnist who had followed the situation for some time, wrote passionately about the tenants' struggle to improve their lot. Over on Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street, two architects, named Gerald Silverman and Robert Cika, digested the columns. Their business was a disparate one, which encompassed designing low-income housing projects and exclusive private homes, such as a spectacular $750,000 circular house for Jackie Gleason. It was a one-bedroom. Silverman and Cika were sickened by what they read. "We felt there was no real effort being made to solve city living problems," Bob Cika recalls. "So, on reading the columns, we found an opportunity to investigate and solve a pressing housing need and a pressing architectural need. It thrilled the life out of us."

The two architects rode the subway to East Harlem, where they conferred with the East Harlem Tenants Council, a community organization that had helped the rent strikes. They rode many more subways over the course of the next few months, and they held more meetings, and dreamed more dreams that continued on into 1965. At this point, they were getting no money for their time. They would not pocket their first paycheck from the project until 1971. The council and the architects searched their brains for answers to the wretched living conditions present in the neighborhood. They felt that to simply throw up new housing was no answer. New housing was being built all the time and it deteriorated into bad housing. Cika says, "The way we approached the design problem was to answer all the real needs of a person in New York. We looked at what city living means for a family, what it means to them in terms of services. I don't think anyone had done this before."

Laboriously, Cika and Silverman drew up a lenghty list of 265 separate services that they felt a person living in New York needed to be happy. These ranged from the obvious needs of em-

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS


THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
THE FRENCH ROSE WITH
A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE
GODS. THE NECTAR OF WINES.
NECTAROSE.
NECTAROSE
NECTAROSE
IMPORTED BY PEEL STREET WINE MERCHANTS NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO AD PREPARED BY T.T.&P.
THE NECTAR OF WINES
NECTAROSE

ployment, education, medical care, transportation, police protection on down to shoe repair, barbering, dry cleaning, malt shops. Plainly, there was no way all of these could be squeezed into one project unless the federal treasury was at one's disposal. Cika and Silverman picked four services they considered most essential to Harlem life and decided to stitch them into a housing project like none before, a masterpiece that would turn housing design on its ear. These four were: a day-care center, a major medical center, a human resources center, a recreation area. It was quite a tall order.

In 1966, the East Harlem Redevelopment Project was formed by community members as a separate entity from the East Harlem Tenants Council to labor full-time on the project. While continuing to do other jobs, Silverman and Cika chose to seek no new work but to funnel the full resources of their firm into the project. Plans were drafted for four 35-story towers containing 456 apartments. They would shoot up on the block bordered by 122nd and 123rd Streets, and Second and Third Avenues. A block of less than modest circumstances, it was home to 350 families, who lived in crumbling five- and six-story tenements.

The apartments—ranging from studios to six bedrooms—would be remarkably attractive. They would be around 15 percent bigger than comparable units, with 11-foot ceilings. Most would boast wall-to-wall windows and 20-foot-long terraces, and would be equipped with modern butcher-block kitchens and central air conditioning. Depending on income, rents would range from less than $90 on up to $450, gas and electric included.

Unique among such projects, the first five floors in each tower were to be set aside for nonresidential space. Lobbies and halls would be tiled in Italian mosaics (all but impervious to graffiti), and brick sidewalks outside would be necklaced by terraced landscaping, replete with a stream. Plans called for a day-care center, a job-training and education center, modern playgrounds, a $300,000 pneumatic garbage disposal system, a senior citizens center, a greenhouse, a television-monitored security system. The medical center would be geared to treat 60,000 patients a year, close to the capability of Bellevue. Since the neighborhood was largely Puerto Rican, the towers were named after the Taino Indians, the residents of Puerto Rico when Columbus pulled in. And it was decided that neither the city nor the federal government nor some speculator would own the towers; a management company would run the towers until the people living in them could select an ownership board.

At the beginning of 1966, the project members applied to the Department of Housing and Urban Development for funding. Initial reaction was favorable, though skeptical. The plan seemed too much a grand idea. It would cost too much. A committee was formed by the project's sponsors to try to build support for the towers. The members went pounding on politicians' doors. They called on then-Senator Robert Kennedy, on Herman Badillo, on Jacob Javits, on James Buckley, not once but time and time again over a period of years. "At first we had no credibility," Cika remembers. "It took a lot of talking. Every step had to be proven twice over." But eventually the politicians were won over.

"Them towers," remarked one man. "Don't think them towers ever gonna open. Been like ten years you know. They're just a dream. Things okay as long as you keep your eyes closed"

In 1967, $19 million was allocated for Taino Towers under the multifamily housing section of the National Housing Act, but resistance began to fester within the bowels of the Lindsay Administration—in the main, it seemed, because city housing was going up that the city had no control over. Bureaucratic thickets arose. The city began to drag its feet in foreclosing on the property and ordering the leveling of the tenements there. Opposition built from both the state's Urban Development Corp. and the city's Housing Development Administration. Their respective heads, Edward Loeb and Albert Walsh, at first considered funding the project, then bowed out when the sponsors insisted that all the nonresidential space remain. This seemed mad to Loeb and Walsh. Infuriated, Walsh barked at one point: "This project will be built over my dead body."

Days, weeks, months, years flicked by. Still no land. Time began to catch up with Taino Towers. In early 1970, the federal grant for the towers was withdrawn. Things looked grim. The mood was awful. With the project all but dead, the city, in November of 1970, foreclosed on the land. Taino Towers now had property. But it had no money.

Around this time, an out-of-work Presbyterian minister, who had lived in East Harlem since 1958 and had worked with the Tenants Council on Taino Towers since its birth, was elected project administrator. Robert Nichol had been a firm believer in the towers and was well-liked in the community. He was an irrepressible, tough-talking man who had dreams of a better Harlem. In the next few years, he would do a lot of shouting about the towers. An application was made to the government for another allocation of funds. Since 1967, the architects had added another 200 apartments—bringing the total to 656 units—which made the towers more costly, and construction costs had gone to the moon and were seemingly on their way to Mars. The project would now cost $45 million, not $19 million as projected in 1967. Things looked desperate.

Yet, with spirited lobbying from Jacob Javits and Cika and Silverman, Taino Towers in 1971 got a commitment from the federal government for initial funds of $39 million, in the form of construction loans from a group of nine banks led by Chemical Bank. The Federal Housing Administration would guarantee most of the 40-year mortgages. Another $6 million would come from city and federal funds. HUD agreed to pay a $1.6 million interest subsidy and to cough up nearly half a million bucks in rent subsidies for 40 percent of the tenants. All told, funding would add up to a 40-year commitment of $82.84 million. Taino Towers would be the most expensive low-income housing in the U.S.

Half the project's initial $45 million construction cost would be sunk into constructing nonresidential space. The apartments themselves would cost a bit under $20 per square foot, against $22 or so for comparable housing. Costs of the apartments, it was hoped, would be kept at a minimum since the architects plowed nearly every cent into construction. Middlemen costs were wiped out; a $280,000 appropriation in the budget for a housing consultant was thrown into construction. Tenants themselves hit on cost-saving ideas. Laundry rooms were to go into the basement. The tenants said no, their friends would be coming for Sunday dinner and bumping into people lugging dirty laundry. Put the laundry rooms on the roof. It was a nifty idea. By putting them up there, there would be

Sonny Kleinfield last reported for *New Times* on running.

less downward elevator traffic. Out went two elevators, saving $200,000.

Families were moved from the condemned area; it would take a year to build their new homes. Half the families were relocated. Others moved in with relatives. About 50 families fled the country, streaming to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic, using their $100-a-room relocation bonuses as plane fare. Everyone on the block was assured spots in Taino Towers. About 200 of the original 350 families were expected to go in. Some turned down offers. No dogs would be allowed, because it was felt dog shit would blanket the area. Some families said, no dogs, no us. In November 1972, eight years since its genesis, ground was broken to start the construction of Taino Towers. Hope was in the air.

One morning, some three years later, I went to pay a visit to Robert Nichol. Across Third Avenue from the towers, in the middle of the block, stood the East Harlem Redevelopment Corp./ Pilot Block Project. The offices were on the ground floor of a four-story red brick building, down a couple of steps past an iron fence. Garbage littered the stoop. The graffiti on the walls read: "Paulie's Penthouse," "PP is a homo case," "Shazam," "Heart Break Hotel," "Hotel of the Untouchables (Leftovers and Rejects)," "Enter at Your Own Risk."

I entered at my own risk, to find a dank office. A young woman was jawing away on phones and in the back, nearly hidden by metal filing cabinets, sat Robert Nichol. A sturdy, bearded, dark-haired white man in his forties, in work shoes, corduroy pants, a shirt in stripes of blue and white, he had once earned nothing. He now earned $17,200. Over interrupting phone calls, Nichol spoke informally of his vision of Taino Towers.

"I would hope it would provide encouragement and leverage for other community groups to develop their own community-owned housing; for the government as a whole to begin to look at the possibility of combining construction in more creative ways—to get away from pure housing and toward construction that includes service facilities and community ownership. The problem now is there isn't any money for anything. It could very well be that we may eventually bring this thing off the way we intended and it won't mean a damn thing. It'll just be one little square block in East Harlem, in the middle of New York City, that once upon a time did something a little special."

Nichol said he thought people feared Taino Towers. "This project shows that you can build high-quality, attractive housing, with all the amenities, that doesn't cost the moon. A lot of people don't want to see this done, because then they'll know they've been doing it wrong for all these years."

There simply was not enough good housing in New York for the poor, he said; Taino Towers was a good idea when it was conceived, and continued to be a good idea. "These urban planners talk out of their hat. Let them come live in Harlem. This is the largest low-income housing project in the country, and the idea that it will be owned by a few poor blacks and a few poor Puerto Ricans, most of them probably on welfare, is not a terribly popular idea. The fact that a lot of nonresidential services are going into the project is something that people who oppose the project for other reasons can grasp. So that's what they're shooting at us with."

"This is the largest low-income housing project in the country," said Nichol, "and the idea that it will be owned by a few poor blacks and a few poor Puerto Ricans, most of them probably on welfare, is not a terribly popular idea"

Nichol's estimation of the depth of reaction against the towers was not a hollow one. After our meeting, I randomly strolled the streets of Manhattan, asking people what they thought of Taino Towers. Many had never heard of the project before, though most, once apprised of the situation, had something (negative) to say:

"The poor deserve better housing. I have no quarrel with that. But, hell, I'm not poor and I don't live in that kind of place. Let's at least be reasonable."

"It's not often that a janitor at ITT suddenly is named chairman of the board. It's the same distance from tenements to Taino Towers."

"I don't have any swimming pool. I don't even have a laundry in my building. I'm a lawyer."

Professional critics—claiming that the project was a grand idea whose time had passed, a scheme designed in the sky that asked too much—were no kinder. The project's history, it seemed, was littered with reminders of the changes between the mid-sixties and the mid-seventies.

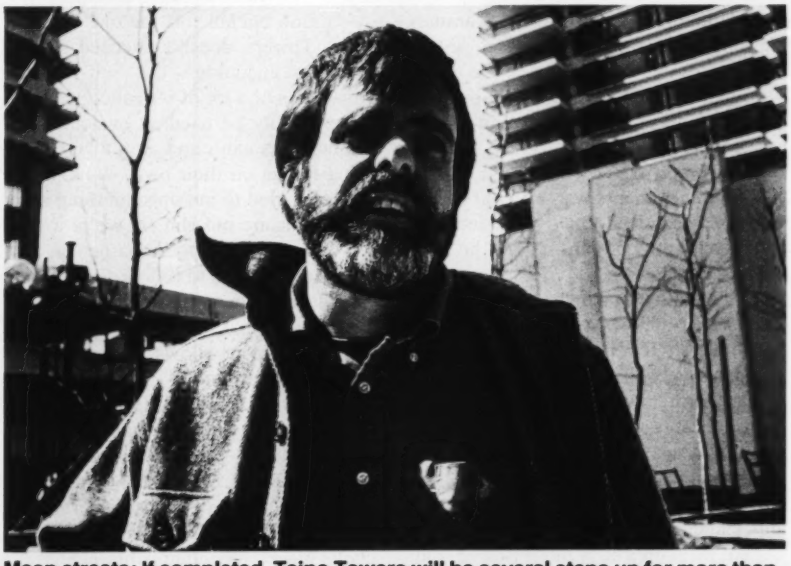
"Taino Towers is probably one of the last vestiges of a form of thinking in low-income housing, and it epitomizes a lot of the problems of this approach," commented Peter Salins, chairman of the urban affairs department at Hunter College. "The thinking is we invest more money for architecture in these poor areas than we do in free-market housing. So we put some of the most expensive architecture in one of the most inferior neighborhoods. It's not that I begrudge good housing for poor families. It's just that I would spend the money to relocate people out of slum areas and to upgrade older housing, where the housing dollar can be stretched further. The other thing is New York doesn't suffer from a deficiency of good housing, despite what the newspapers say. It suffers from money to upkeep housing. So a lot of mistaken notions are sort of converging in Taino Towers. Every mistaken cliche on contemporary housing is present in Taino Towers."

Herbert Oppenheimer, an architect with Oppenheimer, Brady & Vogelstein, who has done work in low-income housing, said: "It's a beautiful structure. It's a job that involved a tremendous amount of community involvement. The architects have really worked their hearts out. Unfortunately, it's also expensive. Today, we'd probably never build that way. There just isn't the money for it, for one thing. It is sort of a grand vision that people had 10 or 12 years ago. We have less grandiose visions today, which is one of the ironies of building so slowly. There are a lot of ironies in the project."

"They had a lot of lofty ideals," said Ed Potter, director of research for the city's real estate board. "They just assumed all this money would be there. They had a lot of big ideas. The project just points out many of the problems of subsidized housing. At this stage of the game, we're better off with more limited subsidies to help more people than such big subsidies to help a smaller amount of people. A project so new and so modern and so gracious for low-income people just makes subsidized housing very unpopular. To me, it just creates a lot of discontent and dissatisfaction."

I asked Bob Cika what his response was to the attitude that the poor were being handed more than they deserve—particularly the poor in East Harlem. A bit annoyed, he said, "That's really a pathetic complaint. The facilities

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS



Mean streets: If completed, Taino Towers will be several steps up for more than 600 families. The larger apartments have 11-foot ceilings and panoramic views. But the tenants are still out in the cold, and Bob Nichol (bottom), a street-wise planner who tried to make the project work, has split for Detroit

in this particular area are really nonexistent to begin with. You don't have any recreational facilities of any sort to serve these people. Secondly, they're not being put in just for tenants. It's not like putting a swimming pool in a housing project in Riverdale. They reach out to the community. These facilities are urgently, desperately needed."

The thing is the grandeur of the towers is bound to put middle-income, even upper-income, people in a resistant frame of mind. Regardless of the cost, whether it's high or low, psychologically it is difficult to square in one's mind the notion that people living off welfare, people scraping by on small salaries, people not even working, will be coming home to apartments many middle-income families have yet to know, may never know.

Carmen Monsanto lives with her five children in five boxlike rooms at 247 East 123rd Street, directly across from Taino Towers. She is not upset with the Taino Towers project, nor does she feel beholden to anyone for it: "I feel it's justified," she told me. "It's not too expensive. I've been here in this filth for eight years. Would you want anybody to live like this? I think it's only fair. Life has been rotten to me. Why not make it better. We've been fighting for a long time to build those things over there."

On the day I visited her, the empty frame of a Zenith black-and-white television set lay outside on the front stoop. As I entered the hallway, the bathroom was immediately to the left. The door was missing. The faucets on the bathtub didn't work. Mrs. Monsanto had to fill it with buckets from the sink. The living room was about nine-by-nine. There were several holes in one wall. A green sofa, foam rubber spraying out in two places, was shoved against one wall. I found it hard to envision this dilapidated furniture in the splendor of Taino Towers, men lugging these eyesores over on their backs. There was no heat in the apartment. Hadn't been any all year. There were constant headaches with roaches and mice. The rent was $74.85 a month.

I asked Mrs. Monsanto about what it would mean to be moving into Taino Towers.

She replied, "It would be wonderful, absolutely wonderful. It means a lot to me. You have everything there. Here, you have nothing. It will change my life. I feel awful here. Everybody has been sick here, with no heat and no hot water in the winter. I want it all to stop." Mrs. Monsanto works as an educational assis-

tant at a nearby school, for which she gets paid $130 a week.

Like other tenants I talked with, Mrs. Monsanto seemed to have no deep understanding of Taino Towers and the struggle to put it up. At best she had a hazy view of the arguments against it. Its costs were something she never really thought about. They decided to put up a nice place to live, fine, let's move in. And when I asked if she would be able to keep the place up, she sighed and said, "I'll try."

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," said the young, frowsy-haired woman. Somewhere in her twenties, she was decked out in jeans and a tan sweater. "My name is Karen, and I'm a staff member of Pilot Block Project and I'm here to familiarize you with Taino Towers. I'll tell you what you must do to become a tenant and what will be expected of you once you are a tenant. It's been a long, hard struggle, and we want everybody happy once they're in here."

Twenty-six men and women hunched somewhat blankly on folding chairs in a rubbish-muddled office on the ground floor of one of the towers. It was a cold February day in 1976, and the towers were still vacant. Nevertheless, the people had come by for the first of five orientation sessions. They, and any other prospective tenants, had to attend the sessions before they move in. The idea was that these people haven't seen a lot of good living and weren't likely to have the know-how to keep up a nice apartment. The project's planners wanted to do what they could to keep Taino Towers from becoming the city's most luxurious tenement.

Now Karen asked the tenants what sort of problems hampered them where they now lived. Replies blistered back in bursts:

"Leaks and robbers. I've been robbed five times in the last year alone. I might as well throw the stuff on the street. . . . No heat . . . Yeah, no heat . . . Garbage in the backyard . . . Garbage in the hallways . . . Rats and roaches . . . Holes in the wall . . . Ceilings coming down . . . Broken windows. . . ."

"Fine, fine—now the Taino Towers project was created to solve these problems and to show we can have good housing in Harlem," Karen said. A slide projector was flicked on, and up on the screen flashed a cartoon character of a devilish-looking man. His left hand was clutching a sheaf of money. His right hand was extended outward, palm up.

"Do you know who that is?" Karen asked.

"That's the landlord," everyone hollered.

"That's right. In Taino Towers, you won't have a landlord. You'll own the building and be your own landlord."

It was all a bit like so many discussions on television interview shows, where questions are asked and answers are given, but rarely is there a true exchange between the people on the program, and rarely does anything come of it.

Karen plowed on to rattle off the various facilities to be built in the project. Then she wrapped up the session by explaining how to make an inexpensive lamp: one empty wine bottle, a lamp kit ($2.69) and a lamp shade ($2.98).

Nobody looked particularly interested in an inexpensive lamp.

Session number two, and the tenants were told about the security system, the guards, the locked doors, the intercom. "How many people here have been mugged or robbed?" Karen wanted to know. Hands shot up.

Tenants were put across from each other and told to act out dramas that might arise on the intercom. Someone buzzes. You ask who it is. No reply. Do you let this person in? Someone buzzes. You ask who it is. You're told it's a special delivery package. Do you let this person in?

"It's not often that a janitor at ITT suddenly is named chairman of the board," said one New Yorker. "It's the same distance from tenements to Taino Towers"

Some tenants wanted to let everybody in. Most, well-tuned to Harlem life, didn't want anybody in—even if he were Santa Claus.

A pillow-making course was given. Lovely pillows could be had for a few dollars. Nobody seemed much interested in lovely pillows.

Further on in the orientation sessions, tenants were warned sternly that pushing drugs would not be tolerated in the project. Then Karen whipped up a dish called "Chicken à la Millet," a quick and cheap recipe. "It makes an excellent meal on a busy day," Karen said. One serving: 67 cents.

There were a few yawns. A lemon-faced man in the back snuck a peek at the inside page of a newspaper.

Tenants were urged to take steps to keep roaches out of the towers. "One thing we do not want are bugs and roaches," Karen said. A 20-minute film droned on about rats. It was depressing. Karen said rats could come to Taino Towers if food were left lying around. She said that rats swim the Hudson River from New Jersey to New York for the sake of a meal, so they will surely walk across the street to get something to feast on. "Keep your places clean," she said. Then Karen showed how to build an inexpensive bookcase (three five-foot boards, twelve cinder blocks, two cans of contrasting enamel paint).

"If you build a slightly bigger case," she said, "you could use it as a room divider. That would be very nice."

Everyone looked a little bored.

What good would these lengthy, often desultory, sessions do in the end? Instructors said the care of the project would reflect on these people's sense of dignity, that they would become reliable apartment dwellers because the project meant so much to them. But it all sounded a bit like the usual rhetoric, and, anyway, was it the tenants, really, who would have to keep Taino Towers from turning into a tenement? Didn't it go beyond them?

Out on 122nd Street and Third Avenue, paper blows by in the breeze. A couple of men are trying to start a car. The hood of the car is up. Children trundle by. Taino Towers stands empty. What will happen if it opens? What will happen if it doesn't? Is it important?

Bob Nichol told me one day: "If Taino Towers doesn't succeed, it will certainly encourage the self-fulfilling prophecies of a lot of bureaucrats, and it will probably be used as evidence that communities can't and aren't capable of doing things on their own. We came in here and tried to put up something other than the same old shit. If we're a flop, it's certainly going to be harder on anyone else who tries to follow. Taino Towers will go down on the books as a classic example of what happens when the federal government allows 'those folks' to try to do something."

Bob Nichol has left the project for a higher paying, less frustrating position with the Mott Foundation in Detroit. The architects Cika and Silverman have quit too. Tony Williams, chairman of the Pilot Block's board, has taken Nichol's place. His complaints echo those of his predecessor: "The project is being used as a political Ping-Pong ball. Everyone is speculating that the project won't work. That's a lot of bullshit. We can't

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PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

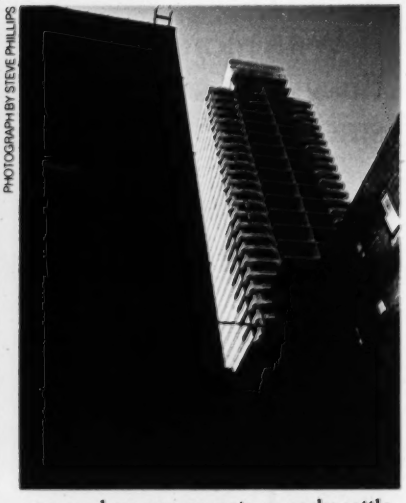
PHOTOGRAPH BY JON LARSEN

A dream of future past? Taino Towers in Harlem, the best, brightest urban redevelopment—almost. When the money stopped, the lights went out, and the future had to be fenced in. What happens next is up to HUD

even get the damned thing open. At least give us a chance to open the damned thing and let us have a few years to find out if it'll work."

Meanwhile, tenant government, the most radical feature of the towers, is in danger. Last July the banks turned over their federally guaranteed mortgage to the government. So HUD now holds the mortgage for the $33 million of bank money that has been spent. Already the project has soaked up $42 million. Before it will fork over the $8 million or so that is needed to complete Taino Towers, HUD wants to take charge of the remaining construction and, at least initially, manage the project. The East Harlem Redevelopment Project doesn't want to give up its power. The two sides have arranged to meet early this month, hoping to ward off foreclosure proceedings by the government.

But the bureaucratic battle for Taino Towers has gone on for months



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

now, and no one expects an early settlement. Even if an agreement is reached, says a spokesman for the tenants board, it will be at least ten months before the neighborhood residents can move into their promised apartments.

Perhaps the answer to Williams' question has already come. As Peter Salins put it: "We've already moved away from the big emphasis on heavy investment on new construction. I don't think Taino Towers is going to be held up as an example of the failure of that approach. Its failure will be looked upon as an abandonment of that approach. It just doesn't do much good to sprinkle a random amount of new housing into a neighborhood. So we're more concerned with shoring up a neighborhood and reusing the old housing. We're abandoning housing much too quickly. Taino Towers comes too late to have an impact. I think it's already an anachronism." ●

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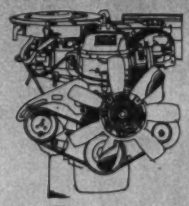

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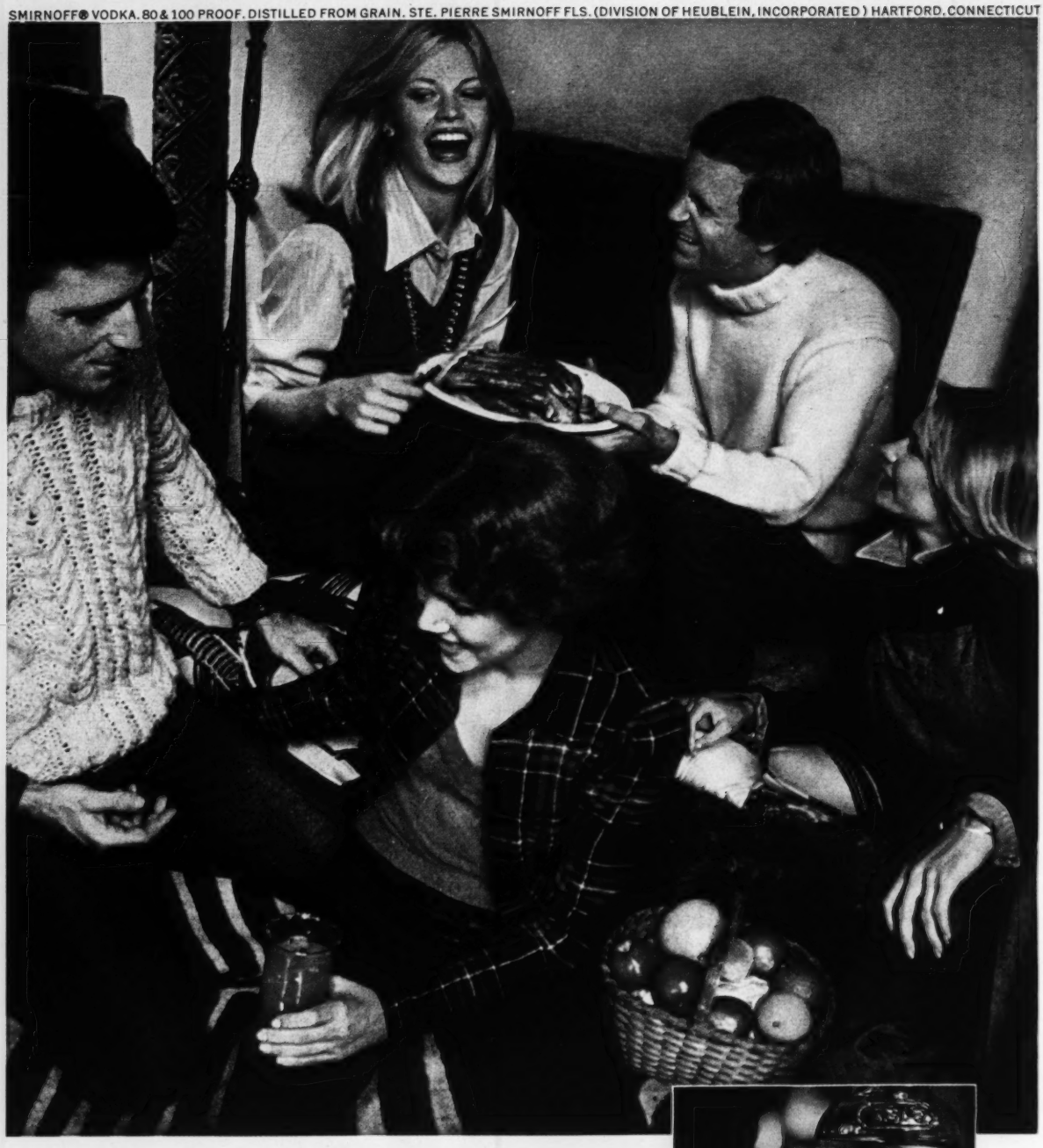

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It's prohibition all over again, only this time the government ban is against a "cancer cure" and the smugglers are members of the John Birch Society

U.S. v. THE CANCER-CURE SMUGGLERS OR THE GREAT APRICOT PIT WAR

BY RICHARD M. LEVINE

In December 1975, U.S. Customs officials learned that a large shipment of drugs from Tijuana, Mexico, was about to be smuggled into the country in a rented car. Two special agents followed the car across the border to a house in nearby Imperial Beach, Calif., and watched as several dozen white boxes were transferred to a yellow 1975 Pontiac Firebird, which was then driven to a parking lot and seemingly abandoned. Early the next morning, according to a government affidavit, "two male Mexicans entered the vehicle and immediately proceeded northbound." Trailed by the agents, the men drove up I-1 to Gilroy, south of San Jose, where the Pontiac "evidenced evasive action as if to avoid surveillance." The Mexicans left the car in a park and made a phone call. A short time later a brown Cadillac pulled up beside the Pontiac and the boxes were transferred into its trunk. Money was exchanged and the Cadillac proceeded north along the coastal highway. The California highway patrol and state and local police were called into the action—nearly 20 law enforcement officers in all—and arrests were made. A loaded pistol was found under the Cadillac's passenger seat.

In planning and execution it was a bust to brighten the shield of Popeye Jackson himself—a veritable "Mexican Connection" of a real-life movie script. But when the trunk was opened, the contraband revealed in the glare of a dozen headlights did not turn out to be balloons of Mexican brown heroin or $150-a-gram cocaine or even bricks of high-quality Colombian grass. It turned out to be 3,900 vials of Laetrile—an amber liquid extracted from the nutlike kernels of apricot pits and used in the treatment of cancer. And the driver of the Cadillac

was not some underworld figure with a record as long as the sleeve of his sharkskin suit. He was a mild-mannered Stanford University engineer named Robert Bradford, the president of the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, an organization working to legalize the increasingly popular and controversial drug.

Thousands of cancer victims in the United States saw Laetrile as their last hope in a losing battle. They cursed their government for forcing them to go to Mexican clinics to get their medicine and then branding them criminals when they attempted to bring the drug, which had not been "approved" by the FDA, back home. Still, a good deal more Laetrile than heroin was coming across the Tijuana border illegally these days, and in the opinion of many of the scientists and government officials concerned with the matter, it was, in its own way, equally deadly.

One of these government officials was Herbert Hoffman, a young assistant U.S. attorney in San Diego who had been prosecuting isolated Laetrile-smuggling cases for several years before it occurred to him that they might be connected. In the summer of 1975 he gathered together a ten-man task force consisting of agents from the U.S. Post Office, the Customs Department and the California Department of Health. Working in a basement room of the San Diego federal building, they reassembled the bits and pieces of a multi-million-dollar drug-smuggling conspiracy from intercepted letters, recorded phone conversations and informers' reports. Over the course of the next year Hoffman fed the information his task force collected to a San Diego grand jury. Finally, last May the grand jury returned an indictment that accused 19 defendants of participating in 171 separate "overt acts" to "smuggle and clandestinely introduce into the United States . . . quantities of Laetrile."

The Mexican connection has to be among the most bizarre international smuggling conspiracies any government has ever cracked. The two key Mexican defendants are both conveniently unavailable for prosecution in an American court. One is Ernesto Contreras, a 60-year-old Harvard-trained pathologist who has been running a hugely profitable Laetrile clinic in Tijuana since 1963. The other is Jorge Del Rio, a shadowy figure who owns the main Laetrile-producing plant in Tijuana, CytoPharma de Mexico, and who is, according to Herbert Hoffman, "something of a Mexican mafioso" (as head of "internal security" in Tijuana, Del Rio had been known to arrest task force agents caught snooping around his plant). The "kingpin" of the Laetrile traffic, according to Hoffman, is an equally shadowy Canadian named Andrew McNaughton, who smuggled guns for a variety of causes before he got into the Laetrile business. But it was the John Birch tie-in that really gave this government conspiracy case—the first right-wing drug-smuggling plot on record—a character of its own.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

At least four of the eight American conspirators, including Robert Bradford, are active Birchers who have taken over the Laetrile traffic in this country. And although the Birch Society has taken no "official" position on Laetrile (possibly because too many establishment physicians are members), the society's literature cannot say enough about the drug's virtues or the "conspiracy" involved in its suppression. In an article on Laetrile published in the official Birch magazine, *American Opinion*, for example, contributing editor Alan Stang wrote: "Laetrile therapists fear that the conspirational plan may now be for a combination of the U.S. government (possibly by way of Sloan-Kettering), the United Nations and Communist Russia suddenly to discover a 'new' control for cancer, which would be Laetrile under another name—so that the conspirators would get the credit. It would increase the difficulty of fighting the Communists if they are credited with defeating cancer."

The whole Laetrile controversy was the perfect Birch issue. At a time when the society's influence was slipping badly and the organization had become little more than a right-wing mail-order reprint house, it looked as if the drug might rally the troops the way fluoridation did in the fifties. For one thing, cancer itself is almost irresistible to amateur political theorists of any persuasion—on the left (Mailer, Wilhelm Reich) as well as the right. It is the disease of civilization, caused in large part by our own worst environmental excesses, and so a handy rhetorical peg on which to hang the political conspiracy of your choice. In the wink of a metaphorical eyelash the body becomes the body politic. Birchers see small, tightly knit cells secretly gaining a foothold in a hidden recess of the body and slowly but inexorably spreading their conspiratorial network into its principal organs until the entire system is done in by the Cancer of Collectivism. The answer is greater vigilance against the enemy within, a matter of internal security. Cancer is the great mixed metaphor of our time.

Strategically, too, Laetrile has proved to be a good cause around which to organize Birch sentiment. Cancer victims tend to be older men and women who have been let down in the worst way by the medical establishment. If these people also believe that their government is deliberately keeping an available cure out of their hands, they are ripe for the ultimate in extremist paranoia: *they* (big government, in this case the FDA, in league with big industry, in this case the "international drug cartel") are killing *us*.

Herbert Hoffman expects the conspiracy trial, which started January 18 in San Diego, to go on for several months. The defendants, most of whom are arguing their own cases, are trying to make the drug itself, rather than the smuggling charges, the central issue. Laetrile is the brand name for the chemical amygdalin, a cyanide-containing compound found in dozens of grasses and seeds, including apricot pits. According to Laetrilists, the highly toxic cyanide component of amygdalin is safely bound to other components until it meets a special "unlocking enzyme" that is present only in cancer cells. Once it is released, the drug's advocates say, the cyanide selectively attacks and kills cancer cells. But for the most part the claims made for Laetrile are based on what the FDA calls anecdotal rather than experimental evidence—testimonials from thousands of users who swear that their cancer has been cured or, at least, its pain alleviated with Laetrile.

According to the great bulk of scientific evidence the theory behind Laetrile is both elegant and totally worthless. It has been tested repeatedly on mice (although never on men) with generally negative results. But there has been just enough evidence that the stuff has some effect, if only as a pain palliative, to keep the "cure," if not the patients, alive and well. Recently, New York's prestigious Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research undertook to resolve the controversy once and for all—and only succeeded in fanning its flames. Preliminary tests hinted that Laetrile inhibited the spread of malignant tumors in mice but subsequent experiments failed to confirm the initial results, which were nevertheless leaked to the Birchers and circulated widely among the drug's advocates. That controversy, still unresolved, has helped to make Laetrile the biggest "unproven" (read "quack") cancer cure ever, according to the American Cancer Society.

No one claims that Laetrile itself is dangerous, except in the very real sense that it shortens the lives of some cancer patients by keeping them away from conventional therapies. But the problem with telling these people that Laetrile doesn't work is that so little else does. The grim facts are that one in four Americans will die of cancer and the survival rates for those stricken with the disease have not improved significantly in the past two decades, despite the billions of dollars spent on research. In this kind of atmosphere unproven remedies have proliferated like bacteria in a Petri dish, though none so rapidly as Laetrile.

The day I visited Dr. Ernst T. Krebs Jr., known in Laetrile circles simply as The Founder, it had just become legal in Alaska for doctors to prescribe the drug. Consequently, there was a fair amount of jubilation in the musty air of his Victorian mansion, a historical landmark in San Francisco's Mission district full of stained-glass windows, converted gas lamps, baronial fireplaces and mahogony balustrades. At first glance Krebs himself was an odd match for these exotic trappings. A portly, double-chinned man, he affected an ill-conceived mod appearance: tinted aviator glasses, a digital wristwatch, a green blazer over a salmon-pink shirt. But his opinions proved at least as antiquated as his Victorian surroundings. Krebs is what you might call a reluctant racist. "I wish the world were different," he said wistfully. "I wish when you mix inferior and superior, the inferior would be upgraded."

Krebs' social views, on which he is presently writing a book, are based on "my inordinate admiration for Germanic tradition and pride of blood." He is quick to point out that Laetrile itself is a family affair (indeed, the word *Krebs* means cancer in German). His father, a San Francisco physician whom he refers to only as "Senior," first happened upon the apricot-pit extract during prohibition, when he was searching for an enzyme that would speed up the aging of bootleg whiskey. Unfortunately, although the substance appeared to have some antitumor effect, it was so highly toxic that Senior could never be sure whether his early patients died from the disease or the cure. Krebs Jr. (his "Dr." is an honorary degree from American Christian College in Tulsa, Okla.) made his own contribution to the family saga in the late forties, when he purified the amygdalin in his father's extract, reducing its toxicity. He renamed the compound Laetrile and surrounded it with a theoretical framework (the "Unitarian or Trophoblastic Theory of Cancer") so outlandish that even his most devout supporters refused to buy it.

Throughout the fifties Krebs turned out small quantities of Laetrile in his basement laboratory until repeated raids by state health authorities shut him

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Richard M. Levine, who last wrote for New Times *on the television series* Fay, *was recently awarded an Alicia Patterson fellowship to study network television.*

down. Since the only patent he held on the compound has long since expired, Krebs has very little to gain financially from its legalization and has more or less been pushed aside by newcomers to the cause. (Somewhat to his dismay, he was not even included in the San Diego indictment.) What's more, he isn't entirely satisfied with the direction the movement he started is taking. It was one thing when most of the world's amygdalin came from Germany ("You never heard Germany called the motherland, did you?"), where it is legal. But *Mexico*? "Why," Krebs explains, "a Mexican chemist is a contradiction in terms."

A few days later I was back at Krebs' gingerbread mansion to see Andrew McNaughton, who maintains living quarters in its turret although he spends most of his time in Tijuana. McNaughton took over the Laetrile story from Krebs and was the drug's chief promoter until the Birchers arrived on the scene. He is a wiry, energetic fellow who looks a decade younger than his 60 years and has led what used to be called a checkered life. The son of a famous Canadian soldier-diplomat, McNaughton was the chief test pilot for the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II and afterward made a fortune shipping "surplus and not so surplus armaments" to Latin American dictators who were not particular about where he got them. In the late forties he managed a gun-running operation for Israel; later, under the code name Esquimal (Man from the North) he performed the same service for Castro and, during one hair-raising stretch as a double agent, for Battista as well. When he met Krebs and learned about his miracle cancer cure, he decided that what was needed was "somebody with experience setting up underground factories and organizational networks and smuggling operations"—somebody very much like himself.

After establishing a nonprofit research organization in his own name, McNaughton produced Laetrile in Canada until the authorities shut him down, then in an underground plant in Sausalito, Calif., until the authorities intervened again, and finally, since 1971, in Tijuana, where, he says, the authorities "have more imagination." Along the way he managed to become involved in stock swindles in three different countries—including an indictment by the U.S. Securities Exchange Commission accusing him of engaging in "schemes to defraud the public by making untrue statements about Laetrile." He also came into contact with some pretty unsavory characters, to wit, one "Bayonne Joe" Zicarel-

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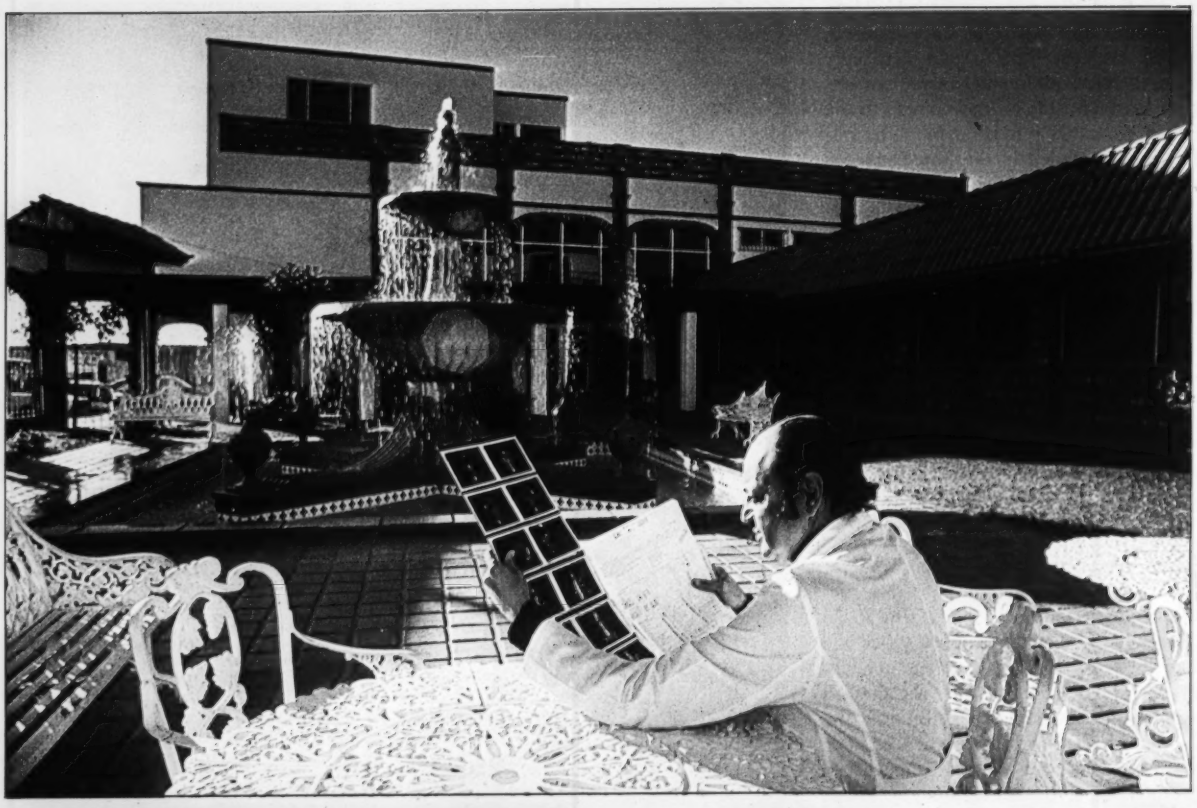

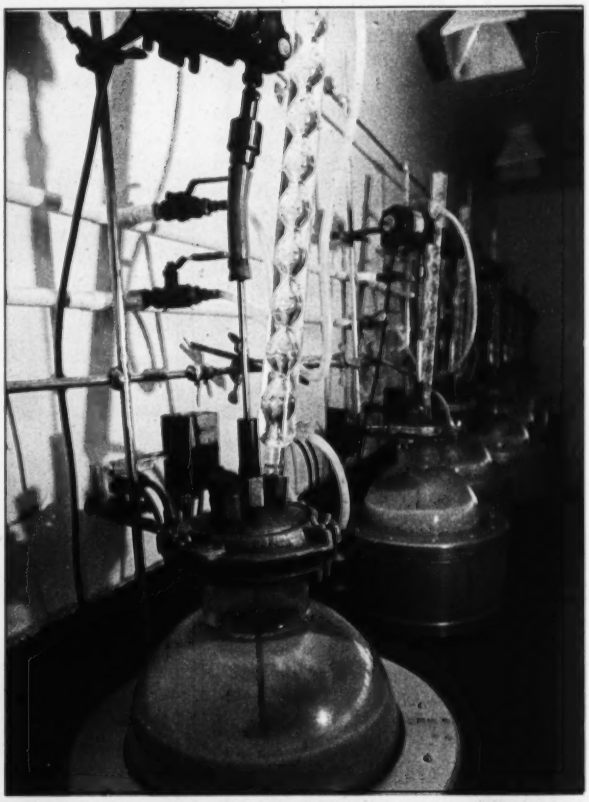

South of the border: Every year, cancer victims come to Clinica Cydel in Tijuana (top) and spend thousands of dollars to be treated with Laetrile. The drug, which is banned in the U.S., is manufactured nearby at CytoPharma (bottom)

li, who has been identified in Senate testimony as a *capo* in the Joe Bonano mafia family and who is now doing time at the New Jersey State Prison. Under another name, Zicarelli reportedly bought into McNaughton's Laetrile-producing company, International Biozymes, Ltd., and donated $150,000 to the McNaughton Foundation. McNaughton recalls Bayonne Joe as "a wonderful guy" whose generosity was precipitated by the successful treatment of Joe's sister with Laetrile. He categorically disclaims any mafia ties to the Laetrile traffic today and explains away his other scrapes with the law as "attempts by the authorities to get me." He is perfectly correct there. In July of 1975 McNaughton was arrested at the border carrying three-quarters of an ounce of defatted apricot seed, which he was taking to a laboratory in Los Angeles for a routine quality control test. Although the defatted seeds—an early stage in the extraction of amygdalin—are perfectly legal, bail was set at $50,000 and McNaughton spent eight days in jail before the judge reduced it. The Great Apricot Pit War had begun.

The reason it had started was largely due to the organizers of the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, several of whom had been invited to lunch at Krebs' mansion that same afternoon I talked with McNaughton. The meal was served in the mansion's elegant dining room, where a soft amber light filtered through drawn curtains. Besides Robert Bradford, the other guests included a Pan Am pilot who lived part-time in American Samoa (all the Birchers, in fact, looked like off-duty pilots) and Dr. Dean Burk, who until his retirement a few years ago was head of the cytochemistry section of the National Cancer Institute and since then has become the only Laetrile proponent with respectable scientific credentials.

During lunch, there was talk of a recent FDA "entrapment" of a large midwest distributor, the accusation being that government agents had sent him a shipment of Laetrile from Tijuana and then had arrested him when he picked it up at the post office. The next day Bradford was flying down to Tijuana to bring 400 vials across the border legally, because a federal judge in Oklahoma had signed a court order permitting a cancer victim to import Laetrile for his personal use. If enough judges could be persuaded to follow suit, Bradford said, then the FDA ban on Laetrile would be meaningless. "I prefer civil disobedience," said Dean Burk, "like my ancestors at the Boston Tea Party." "Your ancestors were there too?" said another committee member, sounding slightly miffed.

For all their ancestor worship the committee members had proved themselves effective modern-day organizers. Before the Birchers became involved with Laetrile, the drug had been in existence for nearly three decades without creating much of a stir. Several thousand patients passed through Dr. Contreras' Tijuana clinic each year and a handful of American doctors scattered around the country administered it surreptitiously. Then in June 1972, Dr. John A. Richardson of Albany, Calif., was arrested on charges of violating the state's "cancer quackery" law. The extreme right wing had found its hottest issue since the sex education controversy of the sixties.

A former marine platoon leader, who still looks the part, Richardson is a rabid Bircher. Every year at tax time he files the same notice with the IRS: "I hereby swear under penalty of perjury that the following statement is true and correct in every particular: I have received no income since March 18, 1968"—the year the United States went off the gold standard. Despite his scorn for what he calls "worthless federal notes," he has managed to collect an impressive number of them. According to the San Diego indictment, Richardson deposited nearly $2 million in his bank over a two-year period, income mainly derived from the largest Laetrile practice in the country. Upwards of 50 patients passed through his California offices each day, six days a week, to receive their Laetrile injections at as much as $50 a shot—several times the Tijuana price. The trouble was that the people passing through Richardson's offices were not all patients, as indicated by the sign he had tacked to the front door. It read: "No trespassing, whether internal revenue, treasury, federal, state, county or city agents. Survivors will be prosecuted."

Krebs, known as The Founder, isn't happy with the direction the movement is taking. It was one thing when Laetrile came from Germany, but Mexico? "A Mexican chemist is a contradiction in terms," he fumes

After Richardson's arrest, an ad hoc group of Birchers united in support of their embattled colleague. A Birch lawyer named George Kell devised an ingenious courtroom strategy. If California law prohibited the use of Laetrile to treat cancer then Richardson would claim that it was not a drug but simply a "food supplement" or a vitamin, B-17 to be precise, and that it was not prescribed specifically to combat cancer but to redress a "nutritional deficiency" in the patient. Of course, the catch was that Laetrile proponents believe that cancer is caused by nutritional deficiencies.

The defense was remarkably effective in Richardson's case. Although he was initially convicted of violating California's health and safety code, the ruling was overturned on appeal and two subsequent retrials have ended in hung juries. Other Laetrile doctors haven't fared so well. In recent months two California physicians were convicted of using Laetrile to treat cancer patients and given probational sentences, while an Arizona doctor was convicted of smuggling Laetrile across the border and given a three-month prison term. Win or lose, after each trial Kell has sent opposing counsel identical gifts to be worn around their necks: small brass fists with upraised middle fingers.

One of Richardson's supporters, Robert Bradford, decided to turn the ad hoc defense group into a permanent organization working toward the legalization of Laetrile. He took a leave of absence from Stanford and formed the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, headquartered on the top floor of the Los Altos Masonic Lodge, next to the Parapsychology Education and Awareness Center. By using the John Birch Society infrastructure as a base, the committee, after only three years, claims 450 chapters and a membership of over 20,000, at least 500 of whom are doctors willing to treat cancer with Laetrile.

In addition to providing cancer victims with the names of cooperating physicians, the committee has become heavily involved in the smuggling network, supplying doctors (although not, they say, individual patients) with Laetrile. Before the U.S. Customs Department clamped down on the Laetrile traffic last winter, large quantities of the drug were routinely driven by car from Tijuana to a warehouse in San Jose by employees of Cyto Pharma—Mexican "mules" in smuggling parlance. There the drug was repackaged by B&S Industries, a company owned by Bradford and committee vice-president Frank Salaman, and forwarded directly to individu-

al doctors or major wholesalers, often health food distributors, around the country. According to the San Diego indictment, Bradford's records indicated that he had distributed approximately $1.2 million worth of Laetrile from June 1973 to the time of his arrest last December. Laetrile had clearly become big business in the States. It was much bigger business in Tijuana.

Tijuana, just south of San Diego, has become a therapeutic no man's land. Tens of thousands of Americans come here each year for a witch's pharmacopeia of medical treatments that are outlawed back home. For many of them the trip is a grotesque parody of a family vacation, and the Tijuana clinics, Cydel and del Mar, are literally last resorts.

It was mid-afternoon when I arrived at Cydel for an appointment with Andrew McNaughton, and all but one of the clinic's patients had finished their daily treatment. I had come with a good deal of apprehension about south-of-the-border clinics and Cydel, at first glance, was reassuring: a clean stucco-and-tile reception area, white-robed young doctors, efficient-looking nurses; in short, a clinic like any other. My second glance was somewhat less reassuring. While I was waiting for McNaughton to return from lunch the receptionist handed me a brochure about the clinic. The first sentence read: "The Cancer Division of Clinica Cydel specializes in the non-toxic approach to the prevention, control of tumor conditions." Fair enough, if a bit ungrammatical. But the last few words were printed on a thin strip of paper that had been carefully pasted onto the brochure. I peeled it off and discovered that the original sentence read: "The Cancer Division of Clinica Cydel specializes in the non-toxic approach to the prevention, control *and cure of cancer*."

I struck up a conversation with the clinic's lone patient, Brent Braman, a whispy-bearded 20-year-old kid from Seattle with eyes set deep in a jaundiced face. Sitting on a wood bench with his left leg resting on a wheelchair, Brent talked easily about the odd lump he discovered in his thigh a year ago while riding his motorcycle. Two weeks later a surgeon removed a grapefruit-sized tumor from his leg and started Brent on a program of radiation and chemotherapy. The radiation burned his left leg brown and the chemotherapy left him nauseous three weeks out of the month. Brent quit the treatment after five months, assured that the growth had disappeared. By the spring, it had reappeared even larger than before and the specialist gave him his choice of amputation or more chemotherapy. "I'd rather live three months whole than six months cut up like that," he said of his decision to seek "alternative" therapies.

At a Seattle lawyer's house Brent saw a committee-sponsored filmstrip about Laetrile called "World Without Cancer" and at the same time he heard about a woman whose terminal brain tumor had regressed with a preparation called the Hoxsey herbal tonic, a treatment only available in Tijuana. Soon afterward, despite his doctor's angry objections, Brent and his father headed south. When I met him he had spent nearly a month and close to $2,000 in Mexico and was nervously awaiting his final consultation before flying home the next day. He was confident that the doctor's diagnosis would be favorable. "I was in such pain when I came down here," he said, scratching his fingernails against the wood bench, "I couldn't get out of bed and had to lie with a pillow between my legs to ease the pressure. Now I can even sleep on my bad side." He was quiet for a few minutes. "The doctors tell you when you come in here that your psychology is 80 percent of the battle. I've got to believe this stuff works. It's the last chance I have."

"The doctors will tell you when you come in here that your psychology is 80 percent of the battle," says one patient. "I've got to believe this stuff works. It's the last chance I have"

An hour later, during a tour of the clinic, I ran into Brent again. He was being wheeled out of the clinic with a six-month supply of Laetrile tablets on his lap, which he hoped to smuggle across the border. (Like any undeclared but not specifically proscribed merchandise, it would be confiscated if discovered and a fine equal to its value, in this case $500, might be levied.) Smiling broadly, Brent told me that his final checkup had been excellent, the lesions on his thighbone had all but disappeared and the size of the tumor had been considerably reduced.

I asked to talk to his doctors and quickly felt less sanguine about his prospects. One spoke no English at all and the other spoke it haltingly. They put Brent's "before" and "after" X-rays on the spectroscope and it was obvious even to an untrained eye that the white fibrous mass in the middle of his thigh had not changed throughout the treatment, a fact that the English-speaking doctor did not seem reluctant to admit. "Is important you understand the result is only in symtoma," he told me. "In this estudy the swolling has gone down, in the mooskles, in the fat. But tumora is same." Clearly, Brent Braman had heard what he wanted to hear.

When I arrived at his office McNaughton was in an expansive, reminiscent mood. He told me that he had once been quite wealthy and lived luxuriously on an estate outside Montreal but had decided to give that life up. "One sweltering summer day when I was driving into Montreal to work it suddenly occurred to me that my servants were lounging around the pool back home and that indeed *I* was serving *them*." Not only had he never made a penny from Laetrile but he had poured his remaining fortune into researching and developing it. Now he claimed to be flat broke, so broke that he had petitioned the San Diego Superior Court to appoint an attorney to defend him in the upcoming trial, estimating his net worth at $2,200. He drove a battered Toyota and dressed modestly, but I had heard talk of other, more expensive cars and a Mexican villa overlooking the ocean. If they existed, he clearly had no intention of showing them to me. "How would you like to continue this discussion over drinks at your place?" I asked as innocently as I could. "I'd hate it," McNaughton said.

I spent the next few days at Clinica del Mar talking with patients and observing the operation. It was a much busier place than McNaughton's Cydel, with a shifting population of as many as 150 patients undergoing the three-week treatment. There was a small hospital nearby for bedridden patients and a motel and pharmacy on the premises.

The majority of the patients were terminally ill cancer victims who had undergone orthodox therapies and who had been told to go home and enjoy their remaining days with their families. (The rest had either refused orthodox treatment out of hand or were supplementing it with Laetrile as a way of hedging their bets.) Given these circumstances, the clinic was not as depressing as one might have expected. Only a few elderly patients, their eyes fixed vacantly in middle distance and their mouths forming soft o's, had the look of the semicomatose. The others killed the long hours of waiting by reading pro-Laetrile books or

chatting about the therapy—particularly about all the celebrities who were covert Laetrile users. In the first hour I was there I heard totally unsubstantiated rumors that former California Governor Pat Brown, Hubert Humphrey, John Wayne, Happy Rockefeller, Ted Kennedy's son and Betty Ford all used Laetrile (the first, at least, owed his amazing recovery to the fact that he never had cancer to begin with—a situation that Laetrile critics claim is true for a number of the more astonishing "cures"). The Betty Ford rumor was the most persistent of all (she had, in fact, announced on a TV talk show that she was using a "vitamin therapy" that was not available in this country) and came in several different versions, the most common of which held that a CIA plane had made a Laetrile pickup in Tijuana.

A kind of desperate camaraderie seemed to develop among these cancer victims, passengers in the same sinking ship. Among fellow sufferers the unmentionable could be talked about openly. Nearly everyone had a miracle story about a friend or relative who had been left for dead by his doctor only to be cured by Laetrile. Whatever the X-rays showed, they sure felt better: positive thinking was as endemic to the place as cancer itself. These people had traveled great distances, often spending their remaining life savings, for a treatment that had been ridiculed by doctors and friends back home—and they were not about to lose faith easily. If cancer was the modern plague par excellence, then the Clinica del Mar was our technological Lourdes.

Not all the patients were wide-eyed believers, of course. Bodan Fedushek was waiting in line before the cashier's window when I arrived. He had been in Tijuana ten days, long enough to realize that the $1,000 he had brought with him would not cover the treatment plus the maintenance dosage of Laetrile he would have to smuggle across the border. Fedushek is a big, handsome Ukrainian who worked as an electronics engineer in Denver. He wore a light-blue warmup jacket and, except for his limp and the hand-carved cane he carried, he looked like the ruddy-faced outdoorsman he had been until he developed cancer in his right leg a year ago. The cancer had spread to his lung and become inoperable. A week earlier his chemotherapist had advised him to go home to his family and enjoy his remaining three months. "I came skeptical and I stay skeptical," he said about the treatment. "But I have seen a lady who couldn't move out of a wheelchair ten days ago.

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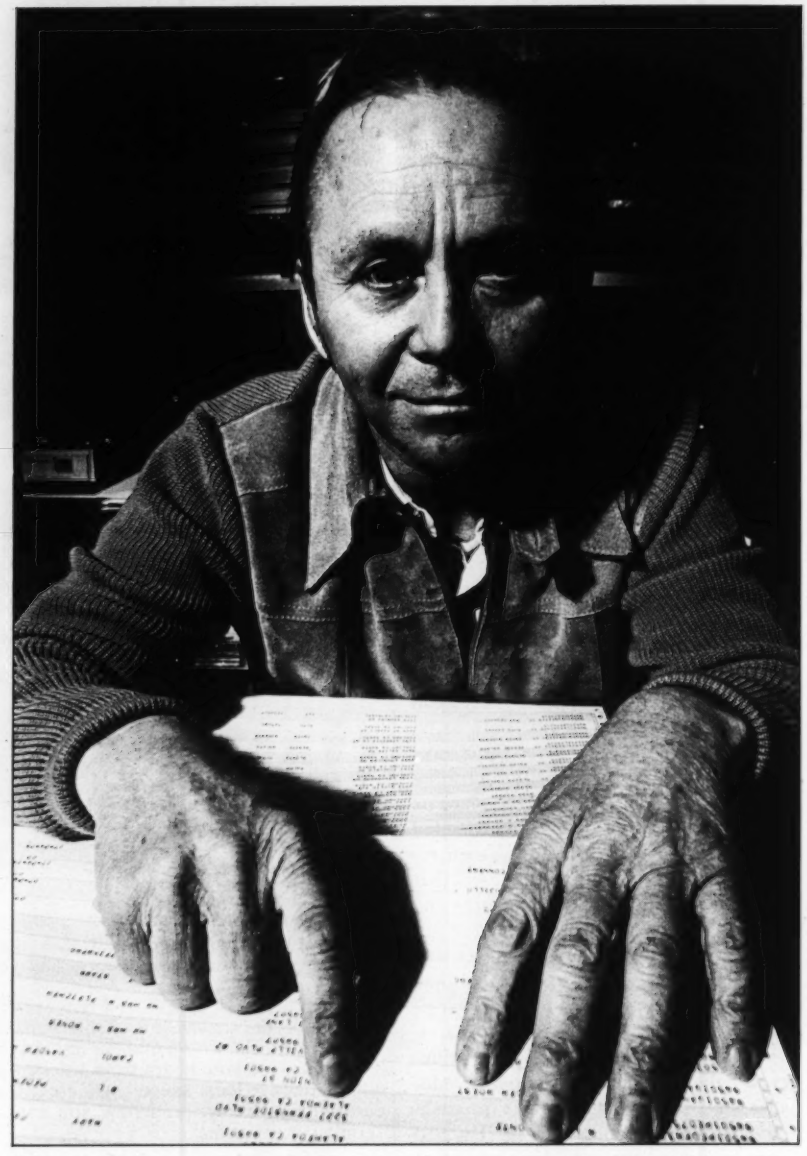
She walks today. So I guess I'll finish." He shrugged and smiled weakly. "Either this works or it's goodbye Charlie."

Del Mar patients like Fedushek, who had either exhausted orthodox treatment or were continuing it, had little to lose by trying Laetrile. But many patients at the clinic had refused the radical measures orthodox medicine offered cancer victims from the start, and if the medical establishment is right about Laetrile, these people had everything to lose.

One man at the clinic told me a harrowing tale about helping his wife escape from a Michigan hospital hours before she was scheduled to undergo a radical mastectomy. "The doctor just scared hell out of us," Dave Balbon, a short, round-faced man in a peaked cap explained in a rush. "He explained the lump on Friday and told us, 'I want X-rays this afternoon. Call Saturday—I'm gonna have her entered in the hospital Monday, surgery Tuesday.' He said if the surgery don't work we always got chemotherapy as a backup. Whoa! I said, what's this key-mo-therapy? My guts told me somethin' was wrong." After entering his wife in the hospital Monday afternoon, Balbon looked up an acquaintance who claimed to have been cured of cancer of the colon "after Ann Arbor gave him 60 days." Balbon rushed over to the hospital late that night and fought with the nurses to bring his wife home, even though she had already been sedated. Two days later they drove straight through to Tijuana.

If there was a common denominator among the clinic's patients besides cancer it was their anger. They were angry at the government ("That damn FDA," one otherwise sedate old lady told me, "I'd like to wring their necks"), even angrier at doctors. It is easy to confuse the messenger with his tidings—particularly if the findings are delivered in a callous way. On some subliminal level doctors—not cigarettes or pollutants or even viruses—cause cancer.

The angriest person I met in Tijuana was a mild-mannered 52-year-old trailer-park owner from Topeka, Kans., named Rex Garrett. I had overheard him tell the story of his troubles to several people, always starting out in a flat, almost disbelieving voice and always breaking down before he was finished. A half-hour later he would be compulsively telling the same tale to someone else. His troubles began when his doctor told him that the prostate trouble he'd been having was, in fact, cancer. A radiologist was called in. "This fellow came in the door and said, 'We're gonna set you right up here. The first thing we're gonna do is castrate you.' Just cold turkey like that."



PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL APTON

Back in the States: Three years ago, Robert Bradford formed the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy. Today membership is well over 20,000

A year after the operation, he began having terrible back pains and the specialist in Topeka sent him to the renowned M.D. Anderson Cancer Clinic in Dallas. When he arrived he had to fill out a long financial statement. Hours went by. "Finally, the business manager came out and said he was very sorry but he didn't think I could afford their hospital, even though I had posted $500 and had major medical coverage and I owned my own house free and clear. I said, 'Well, that's just dandy when I come all this way and never beat a bill in my life.'" After he returned to Topeka, Garrett's back pains were finally diagnosed as spinal cancer but by then he had had enough of orthodox medicine and refused further treatment. "First they made a steer out of me and then they made a woman out of me," he said sadly, unbuttoning his shirt to expose two pale, veinous breasts, the result of female hormones he had been given. "I guess I'm about a 36-C."

After a few days of listening to patients, the source of their anger became more apparent: the War on Cancer was an older generation's Vietnam. As these people saw it, the ill-conceived War on Cancer, which Richard Nixon inaugurated in 1971 for its vote-getting appeal, was escalating out of control.

Every year more money was pumped into an increasingly futile venture while the government lied to the people about the light at the end of the tunnel. Like napalm and saturation bombing, the weapons used to fight the enemy within were worse than the disease. As the war widened the body count grew, only this time it was an older generation who was doing the dying. Those people who refused to participate in the war were branded criminals and forced to leave the country. For the first time in their law-abiding, strict-constructionist lives, many of the people at the clinics had been having treasonous thoughts about the Republic.

My last day in Tijuana I had lunch with Dr. Ernesto Contreras, a tall, handsome man with soft brown eyes and a drooping mustache. Since opening his clinic in 1963 he has treated some 35,000 patients with Laetrile. In the process he has become a rich man (according to the San Diego indictment Contreras had deposited nearly $2 million in a San Ysidro bank since 1973 alone), and his practice has expanded to the point where he employs 15 doctors and nurses. But his claims for Laetrile are relatively modest—if not nearly so modest as the AMA's—and have to do more with bedside manners than cure rates.

"I came in skeptical and I stay skeptical," says a del Mar patient. "But I have seen a lady who couldn't move ten days ago. She walks today. So I guess I'll finish. Either this works, or it's goodbye Charlie"

"Our patients have the experience that the doctors never explain to them anything," he said. "If they ask what is their blood count the doctor says what difference does it make to you. We try to establish a relationship of friendship. Feel free to tell me any of your problems—medical problems, financial problems, family problems. We treat the whole patient, not just his tumor."

After lunch I asked Contreras if I could sit in on a consultation with a patient and, somewhat to my surprise, he readily consented. The doctors' offices in the back of the clinic are small, cluttered and very noisy, but Contreras manages to maintain a calm, assured manner in the midst of the constant bustle.

A woman named Judy M. was ushered in with her mother. A once-attractive 39-year-old divorcee, she had gone to extravagant lengths to hide the ravages of chemotherapy—gold toenail polish, lots of silver-and-turquoise jewelry, thick blue eye shadow, a black wig—and was plainly humiliated by the fact that her body was puffed-up from cortisone shots. "Someone came up to me and said I shouldn't worry, even Elizabeth Taylor got fat for a while," she told Contreras. "But her *face* didn't get fat."

Judy was actually in Tijuana for the second time, just long enough to have a consultation and bring a fresh supply of Laetrile back home. In the past two years she had been treated, with conventional therapies as well as Laetrile, for both breast and lung cancer. Then a few months ago she developed multiple brain tumors and received cobalt radiation, but she swears that it was only after she went home from the hospital and resumed her Laetrile injections that the unbearable pain was relieved. "It's a miracle," her mother leaned over and whispered to me, "an absolute miracle. And I don't believe in this garbage."

Contreras examined the recent X-rays she had brought with her and said: "I do hope you will stop getting more cancers, my dear."

"Am I finished?" Judy asked.

"We have to try hard to keep it from going other places in the body," Contreras answered evasively. He wrote out a prescription for Laetrile and looked at her consolingly.

Without having had so much as a cursory physical examination Judith M. walked out of Contreras' clinic a happier woman.

Through an open window, I could see a group of people posing for a farewell snapshot. The patient who had completed her three-week treatment, a woman in her late sixties wearing a turquoise housedress and white plastic beads, got into the passenger seat of her car holding a large box of Laetrile tablets on her lap. A heated discussion broke out about where she should hide the pills and it was finally agreed that the safest place would be inside her already ample bosom. Just for safe measure another member of the group bought a couple dozen red roses from a Mexican kid who was hawking flowers in front of the clinic. The car took off toward the border carrying a very scared old woman barely visible above masses of red roses, a woman who might well have been at once the least likely and most obvious smuggler in the annals of American crime. ●

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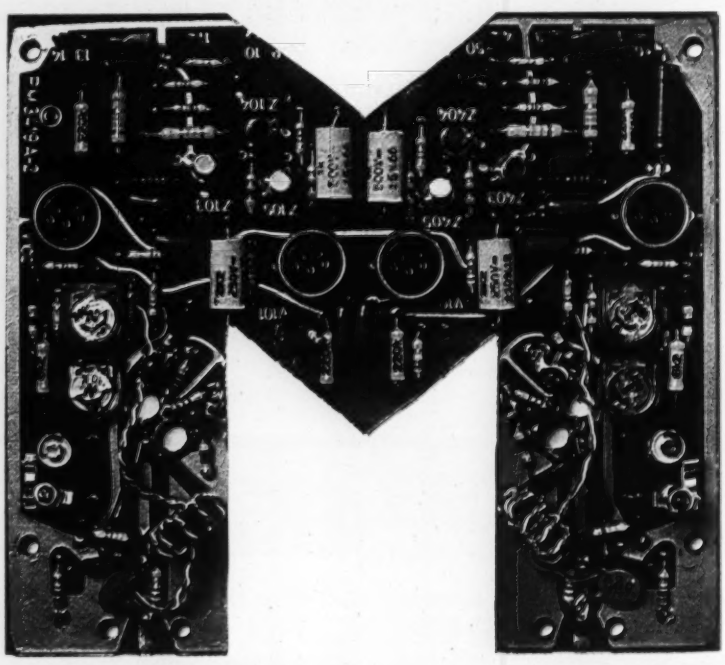

There was a time not long ago when music was, for many people, at the very center of life. In the sixties you could believe—with a little psychochemical help—that music really could change the world.

And then, for many, the music died. Schlock-rock and glitter crowded the airwaves and took the spotlight away from the people who had created the great popular music of our time. As the baby-boom generation began moving into America's offices and factories, paying bills and raising families, the impact of music on their lives waned. Who cared about Kiss, anyway?

But music isn't dead. Many of the most rewarding artists of the sixties—Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, the Jefferson Starship, Neil Young and Paul Simon, to name a few—have matured with their audiences and are creating some of their best work in the mid-seventies. Beyond that, a whole new galaxy of musicians have begun to shine in recent years; some of them are portrayed in the section that follows.

For the most part, these artists are unlikely to become superstars. Many are idiosyncratic; a few create music that is too sophisticated (some might say obscure) to appeal to a really mass audience. The point of this music is sound—not Las Vegas trappings.

If you've lost touch with progressive music in these homogenized days, take a look here. And then give a listen.

Fancy Dan
Take the slick gloss of the best studio rock. Add the jaundiced sensibility of two guys who took some cues from William Burroughs. What you've got is the very fancy sound of Steely Dan.

By Arthur Lubow
Page 44

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They may not play in your hometown. Even their albums can be hard to find. But these masters of creative music are worth going out of your way to hear.

By Robert Palmer
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What if they gave a concert and nobody came?
The music industry is starting to have its own nightmare vision of 1984. The children of the baby-boom generation are all grown, and nobody's buying records.

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Six for the 70s
Keep an ear out for these new voices in reggae, C&W, disco and just plain rock.

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Looking backward
If you're interested in the best values in recordings, the name of the game is reissues.

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Boston and the new rock myth
Tom Scholz says it was strictly a matter of trial and error, but his group's first album has sold 2.5 million copies in six months. No wonder a legend has already sprung up around him.

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Edited by David Hollander

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

NOBODY'S MAKING BETTER MUSIC THAN AN UNLIKELY DUO NAMED AFTER A DILDO

FANCY DAN

BY ARTHUR LUBOW

"Very fancy music," says William Burroughs. He is listening to "Black Friday," a rollicking rock and roll song about a stock market crash. He has agreed to hear the music of Steely Dan in the bar of the Boulderado Hotel (a Colorado blend of turn-of-the-century brass chandeliers and seventies hanging plants) because, although he is unfamiliar with their songs, he is in a way the father of the band. It was an unusual conception: the instrument of procreation was a dildo.

Until songwriters Donald Fagen and Walter Becker strapped on the name, Steely Dan meant just one thing—an artificial penis in Burroughs' classic, *Naked Lunch*. The name now adorns five of the best rock albums of the last five years. Unlike conventional rock bands, Steely Dan is not a group of musicians who play together, tour concert halls and occasionally enter the studio to record an album. "Steely Dan is just a name for Donald and Walter," says their producer, Gary Katz. "It's really just a vehicle for the songs." The players vary on each album: the group has evolved into a pick-up band of studio musicians who convene only for recording sessions. Even more unusual than the band's form are the songs' contents. Steely Dan does not sing of love, sex or Self—at least, not in familiar ways. Their songs are rock and roll stripped of simplistic themes, ear-splitting amplification, repetitive rhythms and syrupy narcissism.

Show biz kids: Fagen (left) and Becker

Listening, Burroughs is impassive. Before a corner of his mouth upturns in a slow-motion smile, you can anticipate the tremor moving across his face. Perhaps he has blown a few synapses. Long before the Love Generation, William Burroughs searched for potions in South American forests and hunted for heroin on city streets. Because of coincidences of time and place and a shared revulsion for middle-class values, Burroughs has been associated (against his will) with his friends in the Beat movement. What sets him apart is a tone as hard, cold and unsentimental as a block of dry ice. In *Naked Lunch*, the dildo Steely Dan is a prop used in a porn-film scenario based on the orgasms that accompany death by hanging. Imagine such grotesqueries related in a flat Midwestern accent and you get the flavor of the Burroughs sensibility. It's the literary equivalent of the Fagen-Becker music of Steely Dan.

The eye that Fagen and Becker turn on the world is jaundiced. Their lyrics present odd juxtapositions: a cheery open invitation extended by the survivor of a nuclear holocaust, for example; or a love song with a beautifully evanescent wisp of a melody and a cloudy lyric that shifts between references to love and dope addiction. The tone of detachment—the lack of passion, the flatly propositional or even gleeful description of disaster—is far more disturbing than the self-indulgent despair of Neil Young or the querulous alienation of Jackson Browne.

After hearing their music, Burroughs decides that Steely Dan will never make it to the top of the rock pile. "These people are too fancy," he says. "They're too sophisticated, they're doing too many things at once in a song." He refers to the literary racket. "To write a best seller, you can't have too much going on," he says. "You take *The Godfather*, the horse's head. That's great. But you can't have a horse's head on every page. These people tend to have too many horses' heads."

For the sophisticated listener, Steely Dan's music may sound too erudite to be enjoyed by the "average" AM radio fan. Yet four of their five albums have gone gold. Most buyers of Steely Dan records—especially the ones attracted by such hit singles as "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" and "Reelin' in the Years"—probably don't understand most of the lyrics and don't much care. They never catch the quotations from jazz classics, but they don't feel they're missing anything. They like the tunes.

Fagen and Becker offer something for everyone. The exciting tension of their music comes from the expansion of artistic creativity within pop formats. Few Steely Dan songs are more than four minutes long. Instrumental improvisation is kept to a minimum. Jazz structures are adapted to a pop context. For most groups, the fusion of jazz with rock has meant electronic amplification combined with the loose "jam session" structure that allows room for individual artists to display their talents. But Steely Dan has retained the slick gloss of packaged rock and roll. Within the standard format of verse, chorus and bridge, Fagen and Becker

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"We don't have much of a problem with singles material, because unlike a lot of other basically FM groups, our music tends to be adaptable to really commercial purposes," Donald Fagen said four years ago, after the success of "Do It Again," a hypnotic tune about a professional loser. Although the band never planned to release the six-minute song as a single, they supplied an edited version of "Do It Again" when several radio stations requested one. The song became a Top 10 hit, introducing Steely Dan to a national audience.

Fagen and Becker don't set out to write pop singles. They say "it just works out that way." The songwriters enjoy working as miniaturists. "I don't like big, crashing, romantic symphonies, and I don't even like to listen to that much big band music," Fagen says. "I'd rather listen to chamber groups or jazz quartets. The closest we'd get to composing a longer piece is essentially a suite, a collection of shorter pieces. I like Duke Ellington. I guess because of the necessity of the time (in recording, you just had 78s) he naturally wrote short. And you know, people in America just get bored with a longer piece."

Fagen exudes seriousness. He talks slowly, he lurches across the room laboriously. He looks like Victor Mature reflected in a funhouse mirror that widens and elongates. He speaks in a slow, laconic New Jersey drawl (he was born in Passaic), and when his wide mouth smiles, the grin resembles a sneer. His brand of humor is the understated irony. Walter Becker is the fast talker and wisecracker. A small slender New Yorker, longhaired with a wispy moustache and beard, he looks like Peter Pan impersonating Fu Manchu. They make an unlikely-looking duo, but they have been composing and performing together for eight years—an impressive record in the volatile world of pop music.

"I usually come up with germinal musical ideas, and then we will arrange to meet," says Fagen. "Usually one or both of us won't show up, but I think we generally come to make something out of it. So it is really a collaboration. It's not one of us writing the music, the other the lyrics. And it's not like Lennon and McCartney, who as I understand it usually just wrote a song by themselves and then put both their names on it. It is a collaboration: we think very much the same musically. I can start songs and Walter can finish them. He's a very good editor also. He'll suggest improvements on my original idea, and then we'll work on lyrics together."

Fagen, 29, and Becker, who will turn 27 later this month, live near each other in Malibu. Although they have been writing semiautobiographical songs together for almost a decade, they say they are not the best of friends. "We actually never discuss each other's life in any particular detail," says Fagen. "We have a sort of psychic . . . I hate to use that word . . . I don't know, we both know the direction that we're going, and it doesn't matter that we know the actual circumstances behind it. We just discuss it as what we want to do with the narrative. We're friends, but I don't think we're the closest friends in the world. We've known each other for a long time, and we understand each other's working habits and needs and limitations. But we aren't hanging out together too much."

They met in the late sixties as undergraduates at Bard College in upstate New York. A "progressive" college like Reed and Antioch, Bard was a hothouse for cultivated eccentricities. By the time Walter Becker arrived in the fall of 1967, Donald Fagen had already established a reputation as a talented, quirky piano player. Becker played guitar and bass, and he shared Fagen's fascination with jazz. They became friends, playing together and soon writing together. For a while their drummer was another Bard student who later made good—Chevy Chase. Their days at Bard lurk darkly in the opaque lyrics of *Countdown to Ecstasy*, their second album. Fagen protests that he can't remember the songs: "That album was written hastily when we were on the road quite a bit. It was probably the closest thing to a live album that we ever did." However, he concedes that one song, "My Old School," which mentions both the college town of Annandale and the Wolverine train that ran there, may refer to a drug bust spearheaded by local constable G. Gordon Liddy. Donald, Walter "and 42 other likely suspects," as Fagen puts it, were rounded up in an election-time raid, but the charges were eventually dropped.

After leaving Bard (Donald graduated; Walter was asked to withdraw because he neglected to do any work), they gravitated to Brooklyn, attempting to find work as songwriters. It was rough going. "We're not particularly good popular-song writers," Fagen says. Through personal connections, they managed to get Barbra Streisand to record their song, "I Mean to Shine"; but she and her producer changed the lyrics and reworked the bridge until, says Becker, "it was altered beyond the point where we would have to take responsibility for it." Another artifact of these days is their first record album, a rarity predating Steely Dan days called *You Gotta Walk It Like You Talk It (Or You'll Lose That Beat).* The soundtrack to a forgotten movie, *You Gotta Walk It* features a few catchy tunes and pretentious, obscurantist lyrics. Even the best song, "Dog Eat Dog," is of interest mainly as a fossil marking a stage in the evolution of Steely Dan: " 'Cause it's dog eat dog, eat dog/Ain't no use to fight it/It's dog eat dog, eat dog/Grab it fast and bite it."

Such songs were understandably difficult to peddle. But the music caught the ear of a member of Jay and the Americans. In 1970 Fagen and Becker were hired as members of that band. Jay and the Americans even recorded a couple of their songs, but the cuts were never released. Around this time, the pair met Gary Katz, an independent producer who was impressed by their talent. When Katz was hired by ABC Records, he convinced the company to take on Fagen and Becker as contract songwriters. They all moved to Los Angeles—and stayed. "Convenience," says Becker. "And inertia," says Fagen.

Trying to write material for middle-of-the-road bands, Fagen and Becker were failures. "I think there was always a particle of weirdness left in the sanitized, deodorized product," Becker says. He gained 20 pounds in the first year. But they were able to put together a five-man band, and in 1972 they recorded the first Steely Dan album, *Can't Buy a Thrill.* Two of the songs became hit singles, and their career was launched.

Disciplining their weirdness, they stretched but never snapped the boundaries of the pop song. There is a recognizable Steely Dan sound: "You can hear it a mile away," says Becker. The songs' harmonic structures and chord changes are unusually complicated for rock and roll. Fagen listens avidly to mainstream jazz and to classical music "from Debussy to Stravinsky"—composers who expanded traditional music without exploding into atonality. "Debussy started extending chords so you wouldn't have that many triads in a piece," Fagen says. "Instead of just hitting a triad on the piano as basic harmonic background for the melody, your chord structure involves four or five notes. That was assimilated by popular and jazz composers in America and ended up to be modern jazz harmony. If you hear a lounge player in the Holiday Inn, he's basically using a harmonic structure that started around 1890."

The ABC management gave Steely Dan complete artistic control. Jay Lasker, then president of the record company, interfered only on the question of album covers. He vetoed the proposed illustration for *Can't Buy a Thrill*—a little naked girl star-

ing lasciviously at the magazines in a porn-shop window while the store's proprietor leers at her. And, for less obvious reasons, he demanded a change in the art for the second album, *Countdown to Ecstasy*. The original watercolor—painted by Donald's girlfriend, Dorothy White, who also photographed the katydid on the *Katy Lied* album—depicted three sci-fi specters sitting in different states of detached expectation as three white lights loom ahead. Remembering that the band had five members, Lasker demanded that two more potbellied forms be included on the cover. He didn't want people thinking the group had broken up.

Lasker had some basis for his fears. Steely Dan was a volatile mixture; there were always rumors of the band's imminent decomposition. Since Steely Dan was strictly an outlet for Fagen-Becker songs, other members of the group with songwriting ambitions felt stifled. The group's income suffered from the reluctance of Fagen and Becker to perform on the road; neither songwriter enjoyed touring, and Fagen invariably became ill while traveling. "We were touring for nothing for such a long time, and it was so stupid," Fagen says. "Most of the time the group was together, we each made $100 a week." They didn't like press interviews any more than touring. They were annoyed by demands for lyric deciphering from grad-student types or the hunt for boudoir details from fanzine snoops. Because they never ran on the Hollywood circuit, preferring to stay home listening to records or seeing a few friends, they were quickly labeled reclusive. There was some truth to the self-description of "Show Biz Kids," the second album's single. Over a background chant of "Go to Las Wages," Fagen sings: "Show business kids makin' movies of themselves/You know they don't give a fuck about anybody else." Fagen and Becker had acquired the imperious manners of rock stars in anticipation of stardom. Bad enough that they wouldn't respond to journalists' questions. Sometimes they wouldn't even show up. "We are sort of a pain in the ass to get places on time," Fagen confesses. "If it's not directly related to working, we have a tendency to have very selective memories."

The band finally fell apart under the stress of the demanding duo's desire for complete control. It had never really been a band: it was always Donald, Walter and their players. So in 1974 the group dissolved. Guitarist Jeff Baxter (along with Mike McDonald, a frequent guest artist on Dan albums) joined the Doobie Brothers. Steely Dan stopped touring, and the group achieved its natural structure—a changing company of musicians assembled to meet the requirements of each individual song.

Now that the band no longer toured, Fagen felt a little more comfortable about performing lead vocals. His thin, smooth, slightly nasal voice is a feature of the Steely Dan sound. Although Donald hates to sing, no one was satisfied with the performance of David Palmer, who sings on some tracks of the first album. No acceptable substitute could be located. "The songs require a lot of technique and sympatico," Becker says. "From time to time Fagen will make a desperate effort to go instrumental to get himself off the hot seat. We've considered putting out matchbooks with a picture of Fagen that say, 'Can you sing like this man?'" Gary Katz says he has had to fight with Donald to force him to sing. "The songs are very hard to sing," Katz says. "I would dare someone to sing a verse of 'Reelin' in the Years.' To me Donald's singing is phenomenal, but he's sensitive because he doesn't consider himself a singer."

Although Donald speaks mysteriously of a "slick stylistic change" that he and Walter are considering, he will probably not find a slick way to eliminate his voice from the final product. Besides an increasing sophistication, the biggest change that Steely Dan fans can look forward to is a switch of labels. Steely Dan still owes two records to fulfill what Donald calls their "slave labor contract" with ABC. Because they renegotiated that contract to raise their low royalty rate, they had to agree to tight deadlines. There's some dispute about the terms of the contract, but it appears that both albums are due by the end of March. Steely Dan is now recording enough material for two albums, with at least one scheduled for a March release. Although they offered to do one live album (with half the material new) as well as a studio album, ABC management refused, fearing damage to a planned "greatest hits" package. Once the contract is satisfied, Steely Dan will move from ABC to Warner Bros. Fagen has already used his advance from Warner Bros. to buy a house in Malibu.

Warner Bros., Fagen says, offered a contract with "a little more money." He and Becker were receptive: they have been ready to leave ABC since the *Katy Lied* fiasco of 1974. *Katy Lied* is a magnificent album; yet Fagen, Becker and Katz all talk wistfully of the bigger one that got away. The group poured enormous effort into their fourth record, taking pains to achieve outstanding sound reproduction. When the recording and mixing were completed, they fed the master tape into a noise-reduction unit. Because the equipment was faulty, the tape that came out was not the tape that went in. "If you heard that album the way it originally went down on tape, you would have heard something else," Becker says. "Very hi-fi," Fagen nods. Becker, Katz and their engineer flew to Boston at midnight to see if the equipment's manufacturer could repair the damage. Nothing could be done. "We had to decide whether we were just going to scrap the album or put it out," Katz says. "It was close." The album was released, but Katz says "it suffered 85 percent." "I can't listen to it," he complains. "I hate to hear an album that we're involved in that's not up to our standards. It was the best-sounding thing I ever heard before it was ruined." Griping that "the ABC studio is a mess," Katz left for Warner Bros.

Even though their albums for ABC have sold well, Fagen and Becker say they haven't made any money. Their royalty rate is too low, and they use up so much studio time that they are penalized financially. Songwriters can collect profits if other artists record their music, but Fagen and Becker haven't had much luck in that category either. (There have been a few attempts; their favorite is Herbie Mann's version of "Do It Again.") One reason that their material doesn't appear much on other records is that the melodies are hard to sing. A more forbidding hurdle is the nature of the lyrics. As Fagen and Becker admit proudly, the songs are "weird."

Both writers say their music is "based on things we know about." Some of what they know is vicarious experience drawn from books. For instance, William Burroughs' Wild Boys—some soaring "on perilous wings"; others, hands lopped off in battle, slashing with razor pincers—

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swoop through "Your Gold Teeth II" ("Who are these children/Who scheme and run wild/Who speak with their wings/And the way that they smile") and "Razor Boy" ("Will you still have a song to sing/When the razor boy comes/And takes your fancy things away"). Burroughs' fascination with the demi-monde of thugs, grifters and prostitutes is shared (at a safe distance) by Steely Dan. But as one Fagen-Becker lyric goes: "Be glad if you can use what you borrow." If Steely Dan borrows a sensibility and some images from Burroughs, those are merely some ingredients in the mix.

When questioned, Fagen and Becker like to minimize their link to Burroughs. "The connection has been overstretched almost to the limits of elasticity," says an exasperated Becker, calling thematic references "optical illusion." He denies even remembering that "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" (a Duke Ellington number that is the only music not written by Fagen and Becker that Steely Dan has recorded) is mentioned several times in *Naked Lunch*, including the scene in which the dildo Steely Dan appears. He says the connection was pointed out to him after the album's release. "*Naked Lunch* is a fairly difficult work," Becker says. "Put it this way. William Burroughs at one point claims he doesn't remember writing it. I don't see why I should have to remember having read parts of it." He says the band recorded the song because it's fun to re-create Bubber Miley's wah-wah trumpet solo on the guitar.

Unlike most pop songwriters, Fagen and Becker shy away from romantic themes. When they do write love songs, they look for a new angle. They like to describe the contortions of a relationship subjected to an outside stress. "Doctor Wu," the lead track on the album *Katy Lied*, is a love song with the foggy feel of an opium dream. Because the song is dotted with pronouns lacking clear antecedents, its meaning is hard to track down. "I know it's a dope song, but it's still very cryptic as to quite precisely what is going on," was Burroughs' comment on first hearing "Doctor Wu." As Fagen points out, the theme is characteristic of Steely Dan. " 'Doctor Wu' is about a triangle, kind of a love-dope triangle," he says. "I think usually when we do write songs of a romantic nature, one or more of the participants in the alliance will come under the influence of someone else or some other way of life and that will usually end up in either some sort of compromise or a split. Okay, in this song the girl meets somebody who leads another kind of life and she's attracted to it. Then she comes under the domination of someone else and that results in the ending of the relationship or some amending of the relationship. When we start writing songs like that, that's the way it usually goes." In "Doctor Wu," the "someone else" is a dope habit personified as Doctor Wu. In "Haitian Divorce," it's a hotel gigolo. The details of "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" and "Through With Buzz" are vaguer, but the pattern is the same.

With each album, Fagen and Becker become less obscure, more direct. On their latest album, *The Royal Scam*, their lyrics seem downright straightforward. Yet their subject matter is as eclectic as ever. The title track of *The Royal Scam* is a Biblical-style rendition of the Puerto Rican migration to New York. Other songs describe a psychedelic drug guru, a holed-up fugitive hearing the megaphone voices of the police and a gigolo who doubles as a jewel thief. The album's best song, "Haitian Divorce," describes a woman's breakaway from her husband and her short-lived attempt to patch up the marriage. Set to a reggae tune and punctuated by a leering guitar, the narrative of the ballad builds up to a viciously funny punch line. "We never try to be obscure," Fagen says. "If we're communicating better, that's just another characteristic of sophistication."

Even if you can't understand some words of a Steely Dan song, the lyrics are usually evocative. In interviews, Fagen and Becker have made sly references to a song about Hitler's beer hall putsch, but coyly refused to explain further. Without their hints, would anyone recognize that the title track of *Pretzel Logic* (their most enjoyable album) is narrated by the Fagen-Becker version of Hitler—a vaudevillian who "would love to tour the Southland in a traveling minstrel show," who dreams of meeting Napoleon and hopes to "sound just like a record on the phonograph"? Probably not. And without realizing that a swastika is twisted like a pretzel, much of the title's meaning is lost. Yet the song works well without undergoing the laborious exegeses popular in the "Is Paul dead?" days of Beatlemania. The inside joke is just a bonus.

Fagen and Becker are working now on a song about the Congress of Vienna. They traveled to France last spring, examining displays of Napoleon's silk underwear in two museums. "We still haven't really found an angle yet," Fagen says. "We weren't going to approach it politically. We were going to approach it more. . . . I think if we actually finish it, it'll be more of something to do with Metternich and Talleyrand dividing Europe after Napoleon attempted to re-create some kind of Roman idea of one world government. You know, that sort of thing. Sort of the dissolution of the dream that took place in this person's mind. You have to oversimplify for the form you write and that of course necessitates leaving a lot of holes. You're approaching a complex subject in a very short period of time. It's the same thing with a short story or poem. It has to be very concentrated and it also has to avoid being pretentious. Writing about a subject like *that*, you have to be very careful. We think a lot about that. We try not to get too fancy, I guess, as William Burroughs might put it. You have to work multilevelly to make sure that the text doesn't wander too far from the form. It is rock and roll music after all."

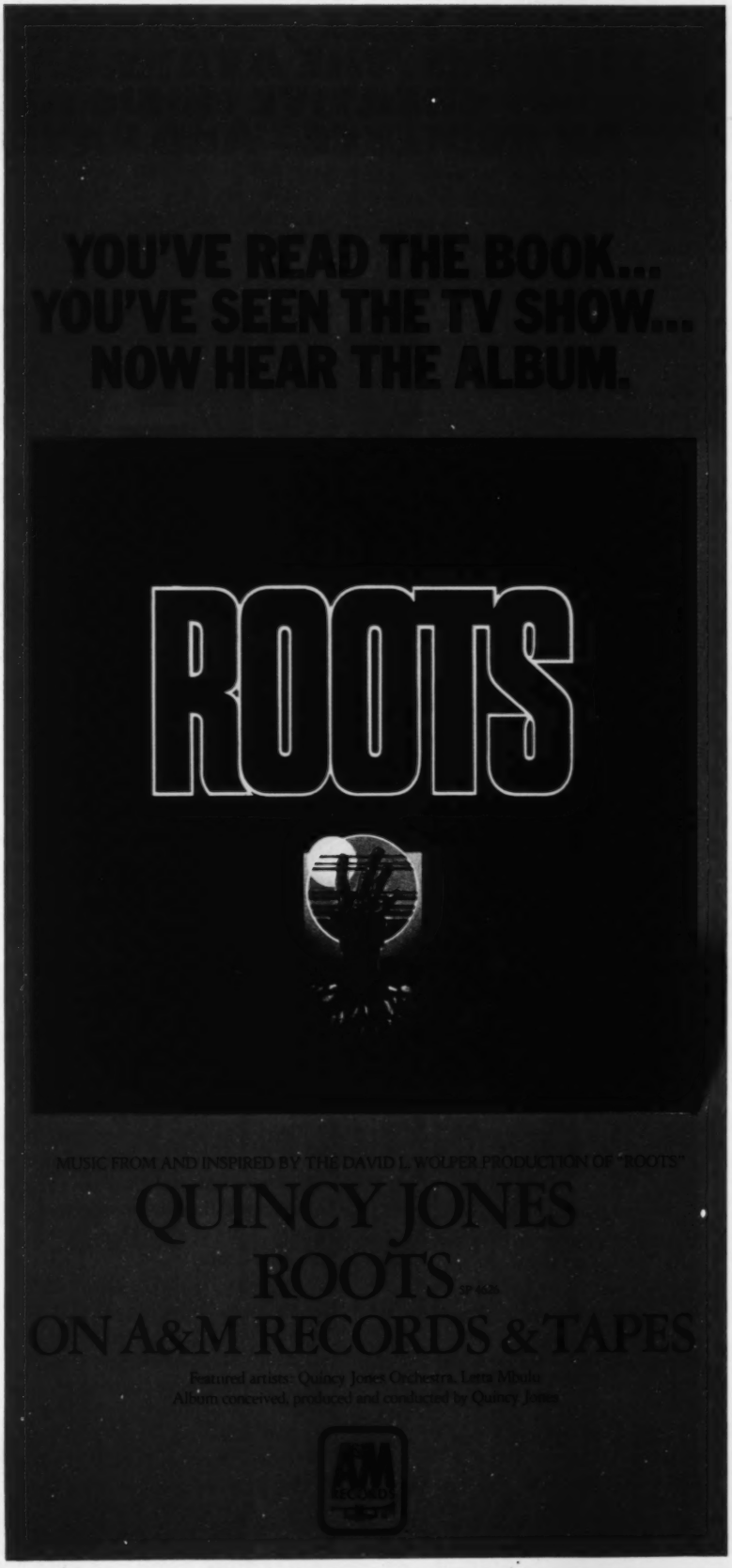
"I THINK ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT ROCK AND ROLL AS OPPOSED TO JAZZ IS PRECISION AND A PROFESSIONAL SOUND," FAGEN SAYS. "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT POPULAR MUSIC. WE STRIVE FOR THAT SORT OF SLICK SOUND"

Steely Dan's accomplishment is creating first-rate music that does not wander too far from the rock-and-roll form. Fagen and Becker are fanatical perfectionists. "I think one of the best things about rock and roll as

opposed to jazz is precision and a professional sound," Fagen says. "That's what I like about popular music. We strive for that sort of slick sound." Studio musicians who have played with them speak wondrously of their attention to detail. "They are the most demanding group of people in the industry that I've worked for," says studio guitarist Larry Carlton. "Nothing goes with a flutter on it. If three of the guys are cutting the part great and one part doesn't feel just right, they'll call in a whole new band and redo the whole thing. The other day we were doing a take on a tune and it was a great take. But in about bar 40, which would be about a minute or so into the tune, Donald heard one of the backbeats on the snare drum was not *precisely* where all of the other backbeats had fallen. They didn't keep that take. And I mean it was performed great for three-and-a-half minutes." If Fagen and Becker are not satisfied with a song's performance even after changing musicians, they often shelve the song. "It's happened to more songs than I care to think about," says Gary Katz.

It takes money to fly in the musicians you want from New York, to shuffle players like tarot cards in search of the right combination, to spend all night in a recording studio where the exchange rate is $120 an hour and then emerge without one usable track. "It just takes time to get something to be good, to get eight or ten songs that are all good," says Fagen. "Most rock and roll albums will be padded with less than wonderful material. We want every bar of the thing to be good." The last album cost over $100,000 to produce. "It's all time, and we just eat it up."

It's time well eaten. No other band has produced so much fine rock music in this decade. Fagen and Becker haven't quite reached perfection. "Everything is flawed," says Fagen. "The best you can hope for is the most precise playing that humans are capable of—plus getting a good feel." His tone may be resigned, but his ambition is limitless. Someday a Steely Dan album will achieve just the right balance between precision and spontaneity, intelligence and sensuality, seriousness and pop appeal. Rock critics and high school students will gobble it up with equal relish. It may sound simple . . . but it will be very fancy music. ●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AFTER YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND SLIM PICKINGS, THE AVANT-GARDE MASTERS OF CREATIVE MUSIC ARE FINDING AN AUDIENCE—AND PAYING THE RENT

NEW JAZZ

BY ROBERT PALMER

New York's worst snowstorm in almost ten years did not deter the young listeners who flocked to the Tin Palace, a Manhattan jazz club, on a recent weekend. The attraction was the Revolutionary Ensemble, a group that has been expanding the frontiers of jazz since the early seventies, and although the snow was swirling outside on the dingy Bowery, the inside of the Tin Palace was warm and crackling with electricity. "These new music audiences aren't like other audiences," a jazz drummer and critic named Stanley Crouch commented approvingly. "They know what they want to hear, and they'll come out in any kind of weather to hear it."

New jazz, which is sometimes referred to as avant-garde or, inaccurately, as free form, has been an attraction in New York's lower east side and Soho neighborhoods, on the south side of Chicago and in the capitals of Europe for more than 15 years now. John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler were among its originators, but the overall thrust of the music has changed considerably since their innovations of the 1960s. The energy and intensity of the earliest new jazz have been tempered by a concern for clarity and order. Freedom of expression is still important to new jazzmen, but so are form and structure.

A few prescient musicians, among them Eric Dolphy and Charles Mingus, were exploring avenues that would lead to the new jazz of the seventies as long ago as the early sixties. But the movement really began in Chicago during the mid-sixties, when Muhal Richard Abrams, Roscoe Mitchell and a number of other players formed the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, or AACM. The music of this pioneering black artists' cooperative differed from that of the prevailing east coast avant-garde in its emphasis on texture and color (often achieved through the use by single players of multiple instruments, ranging from saxophones or drums to toy xylophones, harmonicas and kazoos), its concern with improvisational concepts and its novel approaches to instrumentation (groups without drummers or bassists, for example).

A strong black music underground was also brewing in St. Louis (where Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett and Julius Hemphill were among the innovators) and Los Angeles (whence came the saxophonists David Murray and Arthur Blythe). Eventually players from these disparate environments began to meet and exchange ideas, principally in Paris and New York, and the result was a new kind of new jazz. "We're moving toward a composite aesthetic," says saxophonist Anthony Braxton. "I think we're in the middle of one of the most creative periods in improvised music."

The earlier jazz avant-gardists sometimes met with incomprehension or hostility, but now there is a sophisticated, knowledgeable and rapidly expanding audience for the music. "All of a sudden," says Braxton, "for the first time in my life, I find myself in the position of having records out, and I have slowly been working more. Something must be changing." The music is still an underground phenomenon, heard in artists' lofts and galleries in large cities and recorded by small, independent record companies, but established night clubs and mass-distributed record labels are becoming more and more interested. The indications are that the new jazz is entering an age of classicism, and that American music will never be quite the same again.

The musicians featured in the accompanying sketches are among the movers, shapers and rising stars of the new jazz. Some of their records are on labels carried by most large stores. Most of the other labels—Improvising Artists Inc., Nessa, Sackville, Black Saint, India Navigation and Adelphi—can be ordered by mail from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th Street, New York, NY 10025, which will furnish a catalog on request.

SAM RIVERS

"I've gone to great lengths to make sure I don't sound like anybody else," says Sam Rivers, a formidable long-distance runner of a saxophonist who has been a professional jazzman since the early 1950s and is still one of the most advanced players around. "I wrote my own exercises to practice. I listened to everyone I could hear to make sure I didn't sound like them. A saxophonist doesn't have to sound like Charlie Parker or John Coltrane. It takes more work, but it can be done."

Rivers' past includes stints with Miles Davis, Billie Holiday, McCoy Tyner, Cecil Taylor and bluesmen Jimmy Witherspoon and T-Bone Walker. He recorded several farsighted albums for Blue Note during the 1960s, and more recently he made a slightly rock-tinged but dense and challenging LP, *Sizzle*, for Impulse. With his wife Bea, he has operated Studio Rivbea, a music loft in downtown Manhattan, since 1970. For the most part, he uses the loft to rehearse his big bands and small combos, but once each season he puts together a festival to showcase the best of New York's avant-garde jazz talent. Last spring his festival featured three and four groups each night for seven nights and was recorded by Douglas Records for an upcoming five-album series, *Wildflowers*.

Although he plays soprano saxophone, flute and astonishing piano, it is as a tenor saxophonist that Rivers shines. No player since Coltrane has wielded the instrument as mightily; Rivers' workouts on the tenor set records for length—20-, 30-, 40-minute solos are his norm—while maintaining a consistently high level of invention. They are encyclopedic histories of where the tenor saxophone has been, and lavish predictions as to where it is going.

Dave Holland/Sam Rivers (Improvising Artists Inc. IAI 373843). Just saxophone and bass in an improvisation of awesome strength and clarity.
Sizzle (Impulse ASD 9316). Four tunes, one each for Rivers' four instruments, and a crackling rhythm section with electric guitar, bass and two drummers.
Crystals (Impulse ASD 9286). The only album so far by Rivers' bristling big band.

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

The five musicians who comprise the Art Ensemble of Chicago perform with war paint on their faces, or hard hats on their heads. Each man commands a profusion of instruments, from the regular reeds, brass, bass and drum set to all kinds of percussion instruments, zithers, kazoos, steer horns and harmonicas. Their moods are unpredictable. One piece might consist of a kaleidoscope of colors, with each musician changing instruments as rapidly as he can. Another might parody hotel dance band music, or rock and roll. Sometimes the Art Ensemble engages in theatrical rituals, or in elaborate putons. Sometimes they play some of the deepest, most serious new jazz imaginable.

It was saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell who initiated the use of "little instruments"—bells, toy xylophones, slide whistles and so on—and established a precedent for the Art Ensemble's music. The quartet he led in Chicago in 1967 included trumpeter Lester Bowie and bassist Malachi Favors, and when the drummer left, saxophonist Joseph Jarman was added. This foursome left for Paris in 1969 to play their "great black music," as they called it, for continental audiences; they first recorded as the Art Ensemble of Chicago in France and Italy that year. In 1970 Don Moye was added on drums.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY ROSS

Underground phenomenon: Sam Rivers performs in a lower Manhattan loft

Irrepressible virtuoso: Lester Bowie of the Art Ensemble of Chicago

The Art Ensemble's influence on the new jazz of the 1970s has been profound, but the group still works infrequently. Bowie, the band's irrepressible, cigar-chewing brass virtuoso, and Mitchell, its principal conceptualist, are presently involved in solo careers, Bowie from New York City and Mitchell from Michigan and Toronto. Jarman is living in California, Moye is in Manhattan and only Favors remains in Chicago. "We're getting ready to play in Philadelphia and on the west coast," Bowie commented laconically after a recent concert by his new quintet. "When we play, we play."

The Paris Session (Arista/Freedom AL 1903). "The Spiritual" is an audio drama with tongue-in-cheek re-creations of plantation music, thunder-and-lightning sound effects and a conclusion straight out of Harriet Beecher Stowe. On "The Ninth Room" the Art Ensemble players demonstrate their skills as soloists on conventional jazz instruments.

Les Stances A Sophie (Nessa N-4). A soundtrack for an Italian film featuring a wide range of Art Ensemble music, presented in concise, easily digestible portions.

Roscoe Mitchell Quartet (Sackville 2009). Two group improvisations, a duet for Mitchell's quicksilver soprano sax and the remarkably fluid trombone of George Lewis, and a solo trombone improvisation based on a theme by Mitchell.

Fast Last, *Lester Bowie* (Muse MR 5055). Bowie's best, with a version of "Hello Dolly" which must be heard to be believed.

REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE

Leroy Jenkins, who is the most original improvising violinist to emerge from the new jazz movement, arrived in New York City in 1970 after performing with Anthony Braxton in Europe. As the first of the Chicagoans from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians to attempt to apply the organization's cooperative principles in the Big Apple, he had to learn by doing. The first concerts he put together with the help of various friends were less than sell-outs, but by 1971 he had formed the Revolutionary Ensemble with bassist Sirone and drummer Jerome Cooper, and the group has been together, through thick and thin, ever since.

Like the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the Revolutionary Ensemble makes a music of many moods, with each of the musicians playing a number of "little instruments." But the group's most characteristic sound is full-tilt improvising on amplified violin, amplified string bass and drums. While Jenkins bows furiously, balancing rippling cascades and sweetly lyrical passages against scratchy, sawtoothed sounds, Sirone prods him from underneath with the most powerful lower register of any bassist in the new music and Cooper embroiders precise percussive filigree around them. Each musician is capable of delivering lengthy unaccompanied solos, and usually does so in the course of an evening, but the intuitive interplay between the three of them is the real treat. Listening to them improvise is like listening to the verbal repartee of three brilliant, silver-tongued brothers.

The People's Republic (A&M/Horizon SP-708). This beautifully recorded, beautifully packaged set happens to be the Revolutionary Ensemble's only album on a mass-distributed record label. There is no finer recording by any improvising group in contemporary music.

Music of many moods: Leroy Jenkins and his amplified violin

ANTHONY BRAXTON

Mathematician, chess whiz, philosopher, multi-instrumentalist and composer, Anthony Braxton is the renaissance man of the new jazz. He propounds a "composite aesthetic," an interface of jazz improvising with the structural sophistication of contemporary classical music, although he considers himself a jazzman first. "My work is an extension of the tradition of creative music from the black aesthetic," he says, "from Louis Armstrong to the present. I am a composer and an improviser, and I'm trying to expand the total arena within which the creative musician can move."

With his pipe and wire-rimmed glasses, his cardigan sweaters and jeans, and his college vocabulary, Braxton could almost be a professor, but his earnest intellectualism does not detract from his alto saxophone playing, which is as incendiary and virtuoso as anyone's. He is the originator and popularizer of the solo saxophone concert, a demanding form that challenges the player to give everything at all times, without the comforting support of a rhythm section. He also performs with a quartet and composes music for jazz big band, chamber group and symphony orchestra. "Basically," he explains, "I'm a structuralist who's trying to work in as many functional realities of the music as possible."

Braxton is the only member of the jazz avant-garde who records regularly for a mass-distributed record label, and his Arista albums have helped him win a relatively large and loyal audience. "All I ever ask is that people listen to the music," he said not long ago, after his group gave a performance in a rock club. "I don't expect everybody to like it. If I had wanted to move along more commercial lines, I would have chosen another type of music. But the vibration I'm experiencing is that more people *are* listening. Last year I was actually able to pay my rent!"

Saxophone Improvisations/Series F (Inner City 1008). Solo saxophone, recorded in Paris in 1971, formally intriguing and full of fire.

New York, Fall 1974 (Arista AL 4032). Swinging quartet music, a duet for clarinet and synthesizer and a composition for four saxophones.

Creative Orchestra Music 1976 (Arista AL 4080). Braxton's most varied and most accessible single album, a creative smorgasbord of traditional big band sounds, pieces that drone, whir and rustle like *musique concrete*, screaming, sputtering saxophones and a grand march.

LEO SMITH AND OLIVER LAKE

Leo Smith, a trumpet player from the Mississippi Delta, settled on the east coast after playing in Anthony Braxton's group. At present he teaches in Connecticut, directs a group he calls New Dalta Ahkri and writes essays and position papers on Afro-American music and its relationship to America's cultural values. Like Braxton, he is a composer and instrumentalist who combines improvisational gifts with an abiding interest in conceptualization. Unlike Braxton, he is steeped in the southern blues tradition, and strains of it run through his most abstract work.

Smith's "Notes (8 Pieces)," a paperback booklet he published himself, is the clearest and most complete conceptual statement to emerge from the jazz avant-garde. "The instrument is only part of a larger consciousness that transcends the mere means of an instrument or instru-

Renaissance man: Anthony Braxton (right) combines earnest intellectualism and incendiary playing

St. Louis and the blues: Lake and Smith of the New Dalta Ahrki

ments," he writes. "What is required is that the new creative improviser must have the absolute ability to instantaneously organize sound, silence and rhythm with the whole of his or her creative intelligence—the improviser's total life experience is drawn from, including faculties and right reasoning and the makeup of his or her psychological and physiological existence—all of these factors determine what is actually being expressed at the moment of conception and creation. . . ."

New Dalta Ahkri includes pianist Anthony Davis, bassist Wes Brown, drummer Paul Maddox and a gritty, strikingly original saxophonist from St. Louis named Oliver Lake. On alto, Lake gets a hoarse, grainy sound which blends well with the rich tone of Smith's trumpet. On soprano, he can sound like a squawling child. The albums he has recorded under his own name are examples of new jazz at its most emotional and inspiring.

Reflectativity, *New Dalta Ahkri* (Kabell K-2). A trio album that spotlights Smith's lyricism on the trumpet, this was one of the most impressive new jazz discs of 1975.

Song of Humanity, *New Dalta Ahkri* (Kabell K-3). The present group, with Smith taking muted solos that sound like classic Miles Davis updated and Lake contributing saxophone solos that are imaginatively outlandish. (Kabell records can be ordered for $5.50 each from Kabell Records, P.O. Box 102, New Haven, CT 06501. Smith's book is available from the same address.)

Heavy Spirits, *Oliver Lake* (Arista/Freedom AL 1008). A thoughtfully programmed, ingeniously structured recording, and the most impressive new jazz debut of 1975.

Holding Together, *Oliver Lake* (Black Saint BRS 009). Lake's present quartet, featuring the guitar pyrotechnics of a young firebrand named Michael Jackson.

HAMIET BLUIETT AND DAVID MURRAY

Hamiet Bluiett hails from Lovejoy, Ill., a town immortalized by bluesman Albert King. His sound on the baritone saxophone is a great lusty roar, or, when he is in a gentle mood, a delicate, flutelike whisper. He used to work with Charles Mingus, but now he leads groups of his own in New York City, and his concerts are as notable for the uniformly high quality of his bands as for the power of his playing. He often appears in the company of Phillip Wilson, who has been one of the most significant jazz drummers since his work with the early Art Ensemble of Chicago, and Olu Dara, a trumpet player from Mississippi whose vocabulary of Dixieland and circus-style mute and valve effects melds nicely with Bluiett's bluesy bluster.

David Murray, who is still in his early twenties, is the young terrôr of the avant-garde. His tenor saxophone style is proceeding from a grounding in the work of the late Albert Ayler into new realms of expression. His groups, which have frequently included Bluiett, Wilson and Dara, play a thoughtful, concise brand of new jazz that has tamed some of the furies of the Ayler approach while retaining its sonic plasticity and spirituality.

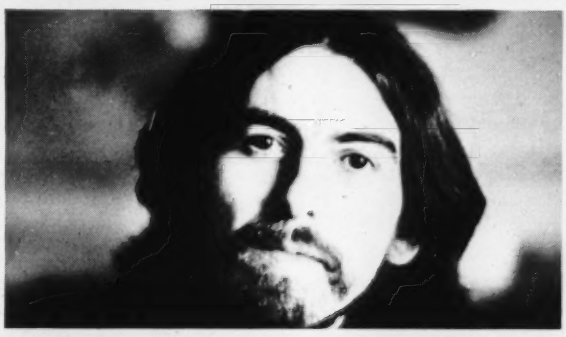
Endangered Species, *Hamiet Bluiett* (India Navigation IN 1025). Bluiett, Wilson and phenomenal, pungent Olu Dara, recorded in concert at a Manhattan loft.

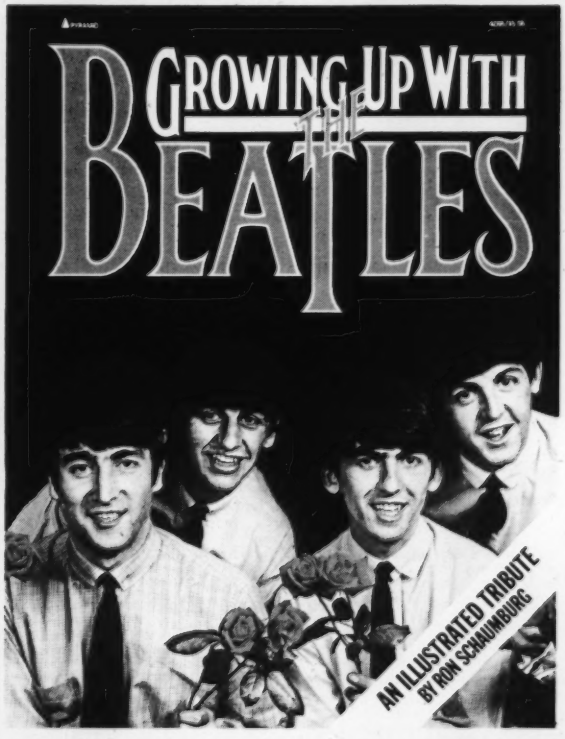
Flowers for Albert, *David Murray* (India Navigation IN 1026). Murray, Wilson, Dara and bassist Fred Hopkins make a matchless quartet, and all the players have room to stretch out on this live loft recording.

Low Class Conspiracy, *David Murray* (Adelphi AD 5002). Murray, Wilson and Hopkins are a power trio with energy to spare; this crisply recorded LP also includes unaccompanied solos by Murray and Hopkins. ●

Avant-garde terror: David Murray

TRIP BACK IN TIME





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THE MUSIC INDUSTRY ALREADY KNOWS THAT PEOPLE OVER 25 DON'T GO TO CONCERTS. NOW ITS WIZARDS ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF THEY STOP BUYING RECORDS AS WELL -- AND IF SO, WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

WHAT IF THEY GAVE A CONCERT AND NOBODY CAME?

BY KEN EMERSON

Alice Cooper's no dope. No sooner had he cornered the teenage market with his creepy-crawly stage show and hits like "I'm Eighteen," "School's Out" and "No More Mister Nice Guy" than the man in mascara abandoned the field to Kiss and started appearing on *Hollywood Squares*, performing at Lake Tahoe, playing buddy-buddy with George Burns and generally acting like . . . well, like a Nice Guy—a grown-up, even. He stopped releasing loud, outrageous singles that only a kid could love and acquired an easy-listening croon that mothers could hum along to. Soon "Only Women Bleed" and "I Never Cry" became middle-of-the-road successes. It seemed as improbable as Dracula *giving* blood.

Improbable but shrewd, for Cooper knows his demographics. Indeed, in the old days when he would dismember baby dolls on stage, it was as if he were prophesying the statistical shift that would shortly prompt his career's transformation. The baby boom has come and gone.

That extraordinary bulge in the American birth rate between 1945 and '55, when G.I.'s returning from Europe, the Pacific and Korea made up for lost time by siring children in rapid-fire succession, has pervasively influenced our culture for the past 20 years. Without the audience it generated, Kurt Vonnegut would still be writing for sci-fi magazines, Peter Fonda would be remembered best for his role in *Tammy and the Doctor* and Elvis Presley might never have graduated from *Louisiana Hayride*. For that matter, the magazine you are reading, whose baby-boom subscribership has a median age of 29.4 years, would probably not exist.

And without the baby boom, the music business would not be what it is today—along with television, one of the largest and most profitable segments of the entertainment industry. Only because of rock and roll, for instance, did Columbia Records' profits double in 1968 and again in '69. And most major record companies report that 1976 was their biggest year ever—no thanks to Andy Williams or Jerry Vale.

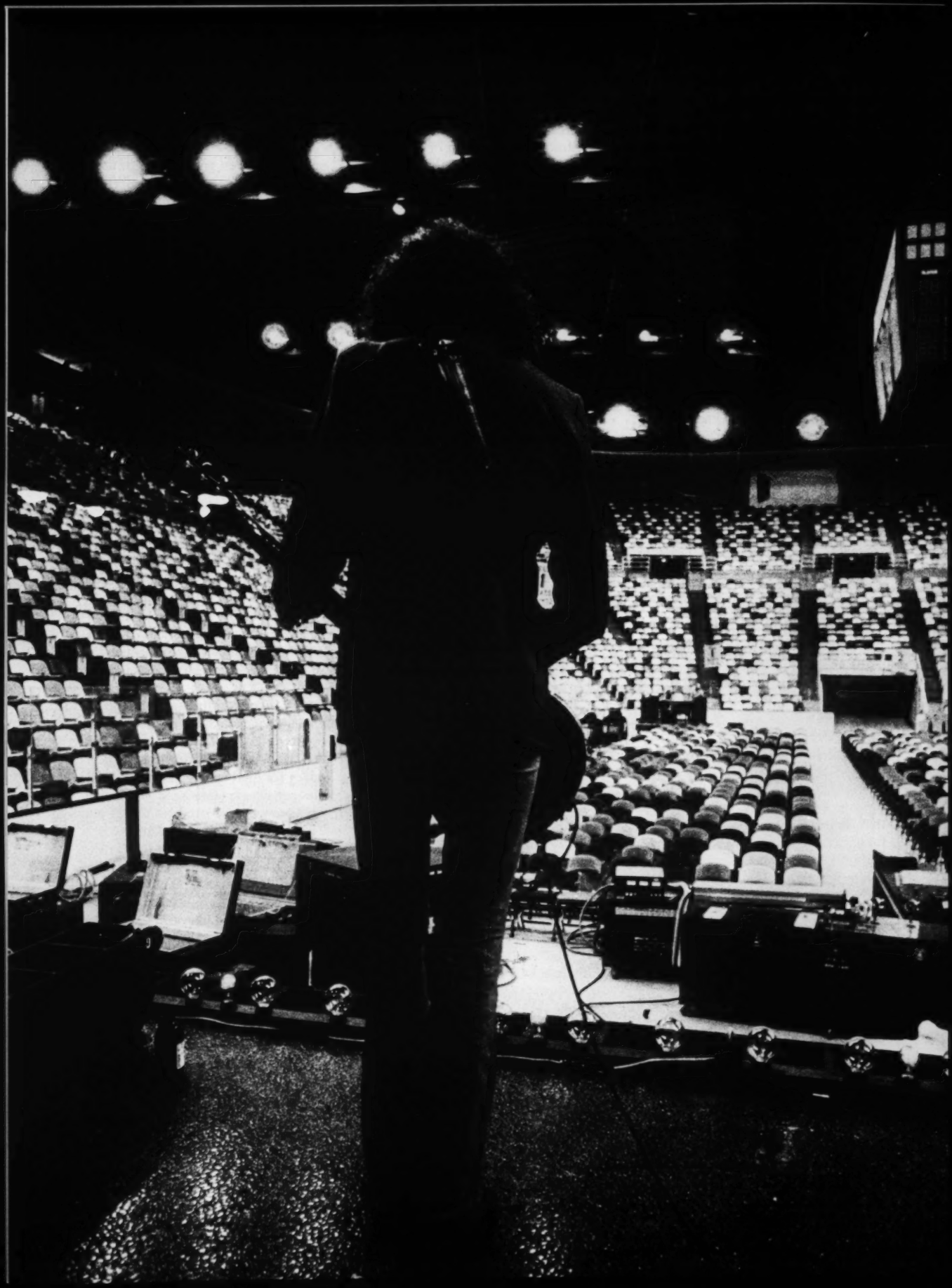
An overwhelming percentage of record buyers are young people, however, and young people aren't getting any younger. Enrollment in American public schools has been declining for some time, and last year the number of college freshmen dropped too. Nearly zero population growth means that the average age of Americans will inevitably rise, and it's increasing right now. How long will it be before this starts to affect the record business? Warner Bros. executive vice-president Stan Cornyn predicts, "When the last of the baby boom is buying refrigerators, when they walk out of college and into the church or synagogue and get married, that's when the trouble starts." Statistically, this translates into three or four years from now.

But Cornyn doesn't deal in statistics—he *can't*, because the record companies, amazingly enough, have precious few. One study by the National Association of Record Manufacturers (NARM) does indicate that people between the ages of 30 and 34 buy significantly fewer records than those between 25 and 29. Only recently has a study even been commissioned by the Recording Industry Association of America to discover if there is life, as far as buying records is concerned, after 25. Admitted the RIAA's Henry Brief, "We know about the under-25s, but not those over." Such demographic ignorance is staggering. Can you imagine, for instance, the television networks not knowing about the viewing habits of people over 25? To the record business, adulthood is terra incognita.

Thus it was that when Cornyn delivered a speech entitled "The Day Radio Died" to a NARM convention in March 1975, he didn't have any facts at his command. And thus it is that even today Columbia Records' vice-president for press and public information, Bob Altshuler, can discuss that address as "beautifully written but based on very little information." Yet even as business was booming as never before, Cornyn blew the whistle because, he recently recalled, "it felt intuitionally right." "I know records have always had a young market," he told his colleagues, "but nothing like it is now. A few years back, that audience dwindled after age 30. Now, it drops off a cliff." And, Cornyn warned, unless record companies expanded their audience, zero population growth might push them over the same precipice.

Cornyn feels the same way today. "We've blown it, to a degree. It's as if the bread manufacturers concentrated on the high school market because they make a lot of sandwiches after school, and they forgot everyone else." High school (*Happy Days* and *Welcome Back Kotter* notwithstanding) is no longer where it's at. "The most popular radio station in any city is usually all news or talk," Cornyn points out. "That's new, and that has to mean something." (In-

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEAL PRESTON



deed, *Variety* reports that all-music radio stations are beginning to shift their programming away from Top 40 and a strictly teen market to the burgeoning 18–35 audience. At the same time, many "progressive" FM stations have gone middle-of-the-road.)

Although enough people have shared Cornyn's apprehensions to help set up the study RIAA has commissioned, prophets have an especially hard time being honored in their own lands when money is being made hand over fist. According to Don Dempsey, for instance, vice-president of marketing for Columbia, "the disintegration of the teen audience is overstated." And if Cornyn is such a sage, Dempsey wanted to know, what was his own label, Warner Bros., doing about it? Practically nothing, Cornyn is quick to admit. "When times are good, Sales runs a company; when they're bad, it's Accounting. But R&D? Never."

If the record industry isn't running scared, however, it is a little uneasy. Dempsey agrees that many adults have tuned out altogether. "Music became rock and roll, and that was that—they didn't like it. As far as I'm concerned, they're irrecoverable. What we should concern ourselves with is retaining the next generation." Despite his title, Dempsey sees this as a musical rather than a marketing problem. "If artists are just able to grow as their audiences grow. . . . People are following Kent State's football record now more than the National Guard. They're not going to listen to music or digest it the way they did when they started out. They'll be looking for music that's less volatile, for lyrics that reflect their lives. Music will become more realistic, but not painfully so; it will affirm their status. Because of its substance in their lives, they're not going to give it up."

Dempsey's attitude does not bode particularly well for the future of popular music. It does stand to reason, however, that as its potential audience becomes, with age, settled in its ways, music will become less adventurous too. Rock has entertained an extraordinary amount of creativity over the last 20 years because its young listeners have welcomed musical changes reflecting and expressing the flux of their own adolescence. It's precisely its "volatility"—which Dempsey, as a marketing man concerned with a stable, commercial commodity, may regard as something of a nuisance—that has made rock valuable.

Even now it hardly takes a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows. *Fleetwood Mac* and *Frampton Comes Alive!*, the two albums that dominated the record charts for most of 1976, suggest that the future is already upon us. Both albums are expertly crafted (especially *Fleetwood Mac*, which is a formal triumph) and supremely conservative. Neither takes any risks, for each aims to please rather than excite. When you aim at the broadest possible audience, you dare not offend anyone. This is music without pimples or passion, and it doesn't ruffle a 30-year-old any more than it rouses a teenager. Although, musically speaking, these records reprise and prettify the rock of the past, it's likely they augur the shape of things to come.

"I KNOW RECORDS HAVE ALWAYS HAD A YOUNG MARKET," THE RECORD EXEC TOLD HIS COLLEAGUES, "BUT NOTHING LIKE IT IS NOW. A FEW YEARS BACK, THAT AUDIENCE DWINDLED AFTER AGE 30. NOW, IT DROPS OFF A CLIFF"

New performers with a hard-rock sound or venturesome ideas may find it increasingly difficult to get record contracts as executives decide their appeal is too narrow. Mel Ilberman, division vice-president for commercial operations of RCA Records, says, "I don't think anyone will ever reject an act because its audience is strictly teenage." But he also admits, "The kind of act you sign will be affected." It is this threatened "blanding out" of rock that has added an extra measure of fervor (and occasionally panic) to rock critics' enthusiasm for those performers who resist it. But Bruce Springsteen, Patti Smith and Graham Parker, to name three shining examples, may be fighting a losing battle and end up martyrs to demographics.

Yet rumors of rock and roll's death, like those of Mark Twain's, have often been greatly exaggerated. The music has already survived Elvis' draft notice, Altamont, the break-up of the Beatles and Don McLean's premature (and presumptuous) obit, "American Pie." On his eloquent new album, *Night Moves*, veteran rocker Bob Seger concedes, "So you're a little bit older and a lot less bolder than you used to be." But, he exhorts, "Come back, baby, rock 'n' roll never forgets."

The inverse relation between age and record buying may not be due to the music so much as to short-sighted marketing and merchandising. There is no dearth of music that is "mature" enough to attract an older audience, yet not so homogenized as to put it to sleep. But, looking over my year's Top 10 list and those of a few other critics, a friend of mine who frequently wrote about music before becoming a political reporter commented that he hadn't heard any of these albums. A simple lack of exposure may be the problem. After all, word of mouth can't race through the suburbs as it does through a college dorm.

Take you, for example, the average *New Times* subscriber. You don't go to rock concerts because they're usually excruciating experiences for anyone over 25. Top 40 radio consists mainly of commercials for Clearasil, the need for which one hopes you've outgrown. Only 11 percent of you subscribe to *Rolling Stone*. All this troubles record companies. It's true that 52.1 percent of you are persuaded to buy 10 or more albums a year (according to a *New Times* subscriber survey), but surely you can do better than that. Most of you are getting more affluent, and the record companies would dearly love to land more of your money in their coffers. Since 90.6 percent of your households are equipped with stereos, a lot of your old favorites must be sounding pretty scratchy by now. Why don't you buy more? Could it be that the record companies are ignoring you?

This is the way Stan Cornyn sees it. "In no way do I believe it is a musical problem or an artist's problem. The artists are there and we've just ignored the people who would be

interested in them. There are artists from Neil Sedaka to Neil Diamond who would obviously interest your mother. But mothers are scared. They feel as comfortable in record stores as in head shops." Mothers are not the only ones who feel estranged; so do many young adults. But maybe rock won't roll over and play dead if the industry finds a way to get you to listen to it.

That's why Warner Bros. compiled a sampler called *I Didn't Know They Still Made Records Like This* and advertised it in magazines with a mature readership. (Cornyn says the response was modest.) And why RCA has made tapes of its product to be played in department stores and plans to push Tomita's souped-up synthesizer version of Holst's *The Planets* in planetariums. And why other companies have followed Columbia's lead and advertised in *People*. Cornyn fantasizes that one day you'll buy a washer from Sears and in it will be a coupon for a discount on Maria Muldaur's latest album. Exposure on TV is crucial, obviously, but the late-night bashes are a bore and most variety-show formats trivialize the music (*e.g.*, David Bowie singing a Neil Diamond medley with Cher). No one has figured out yet how to do justice to rock on television—or how to get people to watch it. Last fall's Beach Boys and Bob Dylan specials received disappointing ratings.

Nor has anyone figured out how to pitch pop music to adults without turning them off. Cornyn, whose ironic, underselling ads did as much as anything else to establish Warner Bros.' image in the sixties, admits, "It's like trying to write a sincere letter to your parents—you get too self-conscious."

Take, for instance, the ad touting British singer-songwriter Joan Armatrading a few months back. The photograph was of a woman clearly over 25 and the copy read: "I'd never heard of Joan Armatrading, but she knew me. . . . Last week I was at a party and in the middle of a conversation with some people I heard her voice. I'd never heard a voice like that. 'Joan Armatrading,' somebody said. I'd never heard of her. I moved over near the speakers, sat down, and listened to the album all the way through. I discovered Joan Armatrading. An incredible artist who happens to be a woman. She's been in places I've been, felt the feelings I've felt. And she expresses them all with her music. It's that simple and that beautiful."

A&M Records' director of consumer communications, Chuck Casell, is pleased with the ad, which was the company's first attempt to address the young female adult, "a reader who is not normally pinpointed." But where are the places Armatrading and her devotee have been, and what are the feelings they've felt? And the repetitive "I'd never heard," "I'd never heard" is acutely, even excruciatingly, self-conscious.

Clearly, the record industry has a lot to learn. Over the past decade it has reaped windfall profits so easily it's had little incentive to educate itself. And it can enjoy three or four more years of grace before shifting demographics start to make a dent. According to the RIAA's Henry Brief, "I don't think that the effects we anticipate have yet been felt. There hasn't been a drop in sales yet. But we have to look beyond next year and the year after that." Looking beyond, the rock music fan must, like the record company executive, say a little prayer. ●

People who've bought them love them.
People who sell them love them.
Critics love them. You could be next.

There's a lot to love here. Five turntables with low speed (300 rpm) motor, program system, superior tone arm. Performance that ranks with the best single play units.
Yet multiple-play capability when and if you need same. For details pick up our "bee eye cee" 5 Turntables folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Dept. PB, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

5 Turntables BIC

Model 920 about $79 – 940 about $109 – 960 about $159 – 980 about $199 – 1000 about $279. ©1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.

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Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.)

Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. Tape to tape. Year to year. Wherever you buy it.

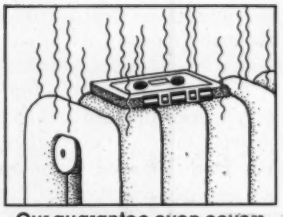
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a problem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.



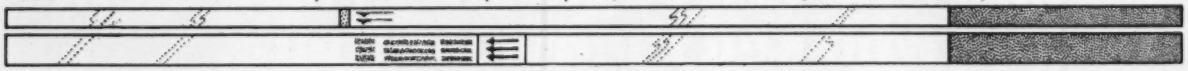
Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.

Every employee, vacuumed.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

KEEP AN EAR OUT FOR THESE NEW VOICES IN REGGAE, C&W, DISCO AND JUST PLAIN ROCK

BY KIT RACHLIS

SIX FOR THE 70s

GRAHAM PARKER

In a year marked by an unusually large number of impressive debut albums, Graham Parker's two 1976 entries, *Howlin' Wind* and *Heat Treatment*, were the most impressive of all. Both albums offer rock and roll of classic stature—bold, defiant and desperate, drawing their inspiration equally from American rhythm and blues and British working-class anger. As a vocalist, Parker belongs to that tradition of British rockers founded by John Lennon and Eric Burdon (among others), whose voices not only possess an indomitable spirit, but seem to embody the whole history of rock and roll. As a lyricist, Parker tempers his hedonism with horror, which makes him something of a moralist. He is, for example, capable of transforming the good times of Saturday night into an exorcism of pain ("Pourin' It All Out") as well as entering into a sparring match with God ("Don't Ask Me Questions").

The child of working-class parents, Parker grew up 30 miles south of London in Deep Cut, where he spent his youth fighting "squatties" (army brats), playing rock and roll ("Yardbirds and Beatles and things, whatever was happening generally") and enduring school ("I always had the feeling that I missed a year out somewhere"). In 1975, while working as a gas station attendant (the last of a long line of odd jobs), Parker sent a demo tape to the Hope and Anchor Pub, a center of Britain's rapidly disintegrating pub rock scene—a scene that in its heyday Parker had eschewed. Two months later he joined forces with the Rumour, five ex-pub-band stalwarts, whose aggressive attack more than matches Parker's nervously pugnacious style. "To me it is like fucking desperation to make music," he says. "It's like life or death." You get the feeling Parker isn't kidding.

Howlin' rock: Two years ago, Graham Parker was an English gas station attendant. Now he's a fast-rising international star

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN LANDIS

©B&W T CO.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Sophisticated disco: Sassy Savannah's success surprised even their record company

DR. BUZZARD'S ORIGINAL SAVANNAH BAND

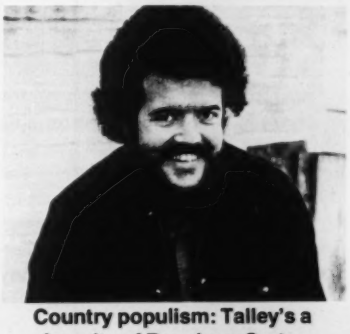
Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Cole Porter, Busby Berkeley and Glenn Miller are not exactly the antecedents that disco brings to mind. But Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band claims all of them as heroes. Their synthesis of big band dynamics and African and Latin beat is the freshest, most sophisticated approach to disco since the form was introduced. With two Top 10 hits, "Cherchez La Femme" and "I'll Play the Fool," it may be the most revolutionary as well. Sassy and cool, florid and restrained, their sound is, at once, buried in the past and completely contemporary. RCA, the band's record company, is so unsure of what it has on its hands—besides success—that they've dubbed the band's approach as "atomic Cole Porter." However absurd that slogan might seem, it is an improvement over RCA's reaction last summer, when it received the record and promptly unloaded it into stores without any publicity. To the company's surprise "Cherchez La Femme" became the summer favorite of the disco circuit, which pushed the album, *Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band*, onto the charts and the single onto the radio.

What especially distinguishes *Dr. Buzzard* is that its lyrics—unlike most disco fare—are intelligent, witty, occasionally grim descriptions of love and despair. The members of the band, five Latin and black New Yorkers (four men and one woman), have described their sound as "mulatto music," which may very well be the best description of pop music that we have. It certainly is an accurate description of the band's wildly integrated sound.

JAMES TALLEY

On the surface James Talley's country and western career sounds like an Horatio Alger story. After years of little success in Nashville, Talley decided to make a record on his own in 1974. In exchange for helping build a studio, he received free recording time. Employing some of the best back-up musicians in Nashville, he made *Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got a Lot of Love*, pressed a thousand copies and sent it to record companies and radio stations. Capitol Records picked the album up and, though its sales were only moderate, it received rave reviews. Talley most recently played at Jimmy Carter's inauguration at the request of the First Lady, who counts him as one of her favorite musicians. The irony of Talley's success is that the populist sentiment of his work is an implicit denial of the Alger myth.

Rooted deeply in the ethos of the Depression, evoking such figures as Bob Wills and Woody Guthrie, *Got No Bread* is a celebration of the American past. While the album is firmly grounded in country music, its fiddles and Dobros conjuring up a rural dance, Talley's sensibility is closer to blues. Alternately earnest, angry and gentle, there is nothing maudlin or nostalgic about Talley's songs.



Country populism: Talley's a favorite of Rosalynn Carter

Though he honors the past, he also insists on confronting its failures with clear-eyed determination. His second record, *Tryin' Like the Devil,* is a more ambitious but less successful attempt to blend politics with art. (His third album, *Blackjack Choir,* has just been released.)

Though on occasion Talley's songs verge on agitprop, in the end he avoids such bromides, because he has come to terms with the contradictions of his own past. Born in Oklahoma and raised in New Mexico, Talley attempted to get a Ph.D. (in American Studies) and later worked as a social worker before he decided to become a country performer. Because he is consciously retrieving the roots of country music, Talley is now considered a radical in Nashville. Only in a culture embarrassed by its past would he be so viewed.

KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE

Until the release of their debut album a year ago, Kate and Anna McGarrigle's reputation rested solely on their songwriting. Writing separately, they had been supplying Linda Ronstadt, Maria Muldaur and Loudon Wainwright (Kate's ex-husband) with some of their best material in recent years. *Kate & Anna McGarrigle* proved that they were the equal of any of their interpreters. The album balances intimacy with austerity, whimsical humor with biting wit. It is, at once, an exploration of native musical forms (rock and roll, French Canadian ballads, blues, Bahamian hymns, waltz) and an insider's look into the limitations of romanticism. (Their second Warner Bros. album, *Dancer with Bruised Knees,* will be released later this month.)

Kate is the more cynical writer, Anna the more ingenious, but each is capable of turning those generalizations around. What they both share, however, are pale, thin sopranos, which inject an underlying tension to the winsome, often erotic lyrics.

Raised in rural Quebec, the McGarrigles have been performing professionally since 1958, when they formed a vocal group with a third sister in Montreal. Despite numerous interruptions (college, marriage, pregnancy) they have pursued their careers with the innocence of a family gathering and the sophistication of world-weary travelers. It is the McGarrigles' retention of their rural roots alongside their urban experience that distinguishes them from other contemporary folk singers.

Singing sisters: The McGarrigles bridge city and country

BURNING SPEAR

Burning Spear may be the most primitive and recondite of reggae bands. But their simple use of chords and their unleavened chanting belie the band's extraordinary capacity for trancelike rhythms and passionate vocals. Named after Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, who is known as "The Burning Spear," the three-man group has evolved a mythology that revolves around Jamaica-born Marcus Garvey, whose back-to-Africa movement galvanized many in America during the twenties. In fact, unlike most reggae bands, Burning Spear's use of beat owes more to African polyrhythm than to New Orleans R&B. While their lyrics are avidly political, their tone is essentially religious; some critics have suggested that the band represents the essence of Rastafarianism (which claims, among other things, the divinity of Haile Selassie).

Led by Winston Rodney, Burning Spear has had a string of hits in Jamaica, beginning in 1974. However, their three albums (*Marcus Garvey, Man in the Hills* and *Garvey's Ghost*) have sold only moderately in the United States, largely, one suspects, because of their uncompromising stance. While their politics may seem arcane to some, their music should not. Rodney possesses a smoky tenor that has few peers among reggae vocalists. He is capable of transforming his songs with the mysticism of exhortation, be it religious or political. And it is that mysticism that gives Burning Spear its smouldering power and urgent appeal.

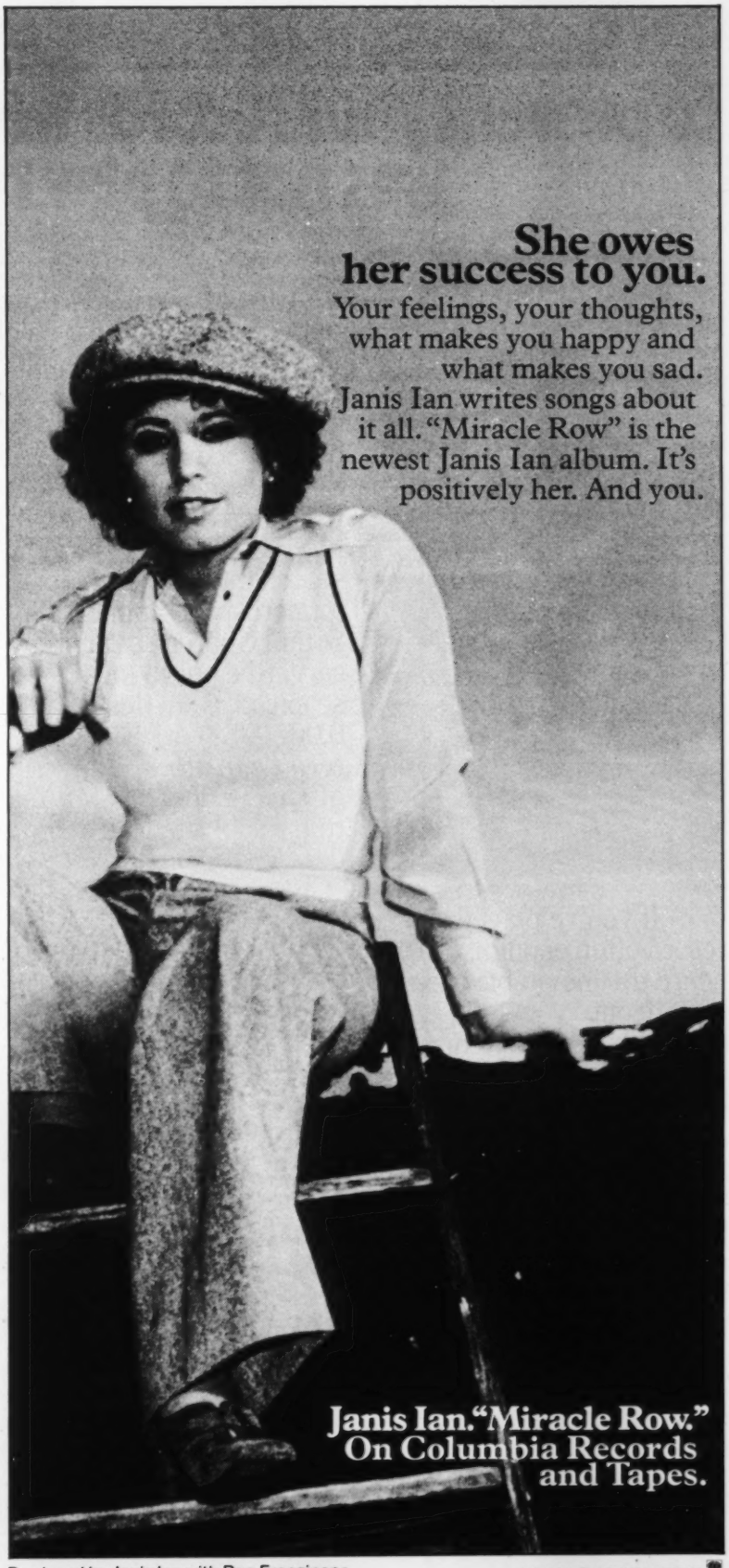
Recondite reggae: Hines, Willington and Rodney of Burning Spear

DAVID FORMAN

The source of both the joy and difficulty of David Forman's work is his deliberate flouting of categories. He is a rhythm and blues singer of real range and verve, and displays a keen grasp of the genre's formal requirements. At the same time, he is a songwriter who alludes both to pop icons (Elvis Presley, Philip Marlowe) and to historical exemplars (T.E. Lawrence, Napoleon). His one album, *David Forman*, released early in the fall, is ambitious, defiantly uncommercial and flawed. But its overriding mistake—a cautious and overwrought production—is that of a first work and doesn't seriously impair the record's principal strength: Forman's sensual and tragic tone, which ties the album together as if it were a collection of short stories. And because his tone remains consistent Forman is able to unify his many voices—soul man, poet and folk singer—into a single presence.

Many voices: David Forman's first album lived up to his reputation

Before signing with Arista Records two years ago, Forman worked with satiric film director Robert Downey as a set designer between sailing expeditions to the Caribbean. He performed little in public, but gained an impassioned though small cult following in New York City who passed his tapes around as if they were rare first editions. Long before the release of his album he had become something of a legend in the recording industry. It's a measure of Forman's talent that he has lived up to his reputation. ●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THE BEST NEW VALUE IN MUSIC IS MUSIC THAT ISN'T NEW

LOOKING BACKWARD

BY JIM MILLER

With record prices up and the number of attractive new albums down, at least in the opinion of many older listeners, the question of what, if any, new releases to buy presents something of a puzzle. When asked by friends to recommend recent releases, I often find myself turning to reissues for an answer.

Reissues are attractive for several reasons. For one thing, they often come in the form of "two-fers," two discs selling for the price of one, give or take a dollar. More importantly, reissues frequently compile performances that represent the pinnacle of the popular-music art. Finally, most two-fers are attractively packaged with informative liner notes.

To date, the reissue action has largely been confined to the jazz field. What follows is an impressionistic survey of the major reissue programs, with some indication of the range of titles available.

The pioneer in jazz two-fers has been Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone, a Berkeley-based firm with access to the vaults of Prestige, Riverside and Fantasy, three labels actively cutting jazz in the fifties. Over the past five years, Fantasy/Prestige has issued over 100 titles in their two-fer series, including essential sets by Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Thelonius Monk. During the past year, several additional collections of note have been released, among them:

Central Avenue, *Wardell Gray.* A west coast disciple of Lester Young with a distinctively brawny tone, Gray was one of the most gifted bop-era tenormen, his soloing a match for Dexter Gordon (with whom he occasionally jousted), his playing a pleasure even for Benny Goodman (with whom he worked for a year); this fine selection of tracks from the early fifties includes "Twisted," his most famous composition.

Images, *Oliver Nelson.* Sessions from 1960 and '61, featuring some unusually spirited solos from composer/arranger/tenor saxophonist Nelson and Eric Dolphy, whose alto sax and bass clarinet are playfully alert throughout.

The 78 Era, *Gene Ammons.* A jump-

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

ing set of soulful R&B/jazz instrumentals from the early fifties that manage to conjure up the aura of smoky bars after hours in Southside Chicago, home turf for the late tenorman Ammons.

Kenny Burrell, John Coltrane. A modest triumph of a session from 1958 that captures Coltrane in a warm and lyrical mood, ably accompanied by guitarist Burrell.

Spring Leaves, *Bill Evans. The* trio, with bassist Scott La Faro and drummer Paul Motian, in lilting, aggressive studio recordings from 1959 and '61.

Fantasy/Prestige has set a standard for the quality and quantity of reissues that most labels have not been able to match. The old "majors"—Columbia, RCA and Decca—generally have lagged behind on reissue programs, despite rich collections of classic recordings, particularly from the thirties and forties, when these three companies dominated the industry.

Columbia is something of an exception, thanks in large measure to the crusading efforts of John Hammond, who is the company's good conscience; the label also maintains an unusually large active catalog, with additional back titles available through Columbia Special Products (for example, *Hodge Podge*, a marvelous selection of small band sides from the thirties, by Johnny Hodges with Duke Ellington).

With its five volume two-fer reissue of the complete Bessie Smith, Columbia proved that intelligent repackaging could bring economic as well as aesthetic rewards. Unfortunately, its more ambitious reissue programs have recently had difficulty getting off the ground. Volume one of *The Lester Young Story*, an important project that is intended to compile this jazz master's complete prewar recordings, has just appeared, although the series was announced several years ago; a long-awaited three-record set of the complete Robert Johnson has yet to see the light of day. Still, Columbia has released several interesting reissues in past months:

Boss of the Bass, *John Kirby.* Kirby's sextet was in vogue during the late thirties, thanks to an elegant ensemble sound featuring the muted trumpet of Charlie Shavers and the dapper piano of Billy Kyle; this comprehensive set documents the sextet in its prime, as well as Kirby's earlier career.

Benson Burner, *George Benson.* Once upon a time, guitarist Benson actually cut some fiercely swinging jazz sides; here are some of them, from the mid-sixties.

Fifty Years of Jazz Guitar. An illuminating chronicle, including many rare cuts, dating from the twenties to the present.

The World of Duke Ellington, Volume 3. The latest in a continuing series covering Ellington's post-World War II output on Columbia, this disc picks up stray cuts from 1951 through 1957, including such neglected gems as "Primpin' for the Prom" among the dross, of interest primarily to archivists of Ellingtonia.

RCA is currently pumping out an uneven series of two-fers on the resurrected Bluebird logo. Some of them offer straight ballroom pop, some of them rare blues (by Tampa Red and Big Maceo), some of them antique country-western (The Monroe Brothers, Bill Boyd's mediocre western swing outfit). Pop swing buffs will have a field day: the complete Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman are currently being released in consecutive two-fers. There is also some jazz, including important collections by Earl Hines' big band from the late thirties, Sidney Bechet, and, most magnificently of all, a six-record set of *The Complete Lionel Hampton, 1937–1941 (New Times,* January 21). But where are the brilliant Duke Ellington band sides from the early forties, now so hard to obtain?

The Bluebird series nevertheless compares favorably to the sloppy mess at MCA, formerly Decca. The label boasts a two-fer series of sorts, although careful reissues (of material by George Russell and Nat Cole, for example) mingle with quickie sets by Lionel Hampton and Louis Jordan, issued *sans* liner notes. The label also has some country-western two-fers, although many collections have been re-recorded in stereo; perhaps someday MCA will see fit to compile an anthology of the *original* recordings by Ernest Tubb, Kitty Wells and Webb Pierce from the forties and early fifties.

Some of the independent labels active in the jazz field during the fifties have emulated the Fantasy/Prestige format. Blue Note inaugurated a two-fer program in 1974 with a motley group of initial releases, but then decided to get serious, subsequently issuing handsome anthologies of rare and unissued material by Sonny Rollins, Herbie Nichols, Fats Navarro, Lester Young and T-Bone Walker. Since then, Blue Note has quietly reissued albums by Thelonious Monk (his essential sides), Art Pepper and, most recently, Randy Weston and Booker Ervin—all with little fanfare, amid rumors that the program is already headed for the cutout bins.

Other jazz labels have picked up the two-fer format, though. Arista, by acquiring the British Freedom catalog and Savoy, has entered the reissue market with a splash. In 1975, Arista/Freedom released albums by Albert Ayler (*Vibrations*) and Cecil Taylor (*Nefertiti*) that contained some of the most challenging recorded performances from the early sixties; more recently, the label has distributed a number of two-fers culled from the Savoy catalog, including:

Bird, *Charlie Parker.* The great alto saxophonist at the height of his powers. Basic.

Long Tall Dexter, *Dexter Gordon.* The muscular tenor sax stylist in early bop sides from the mid-forties.

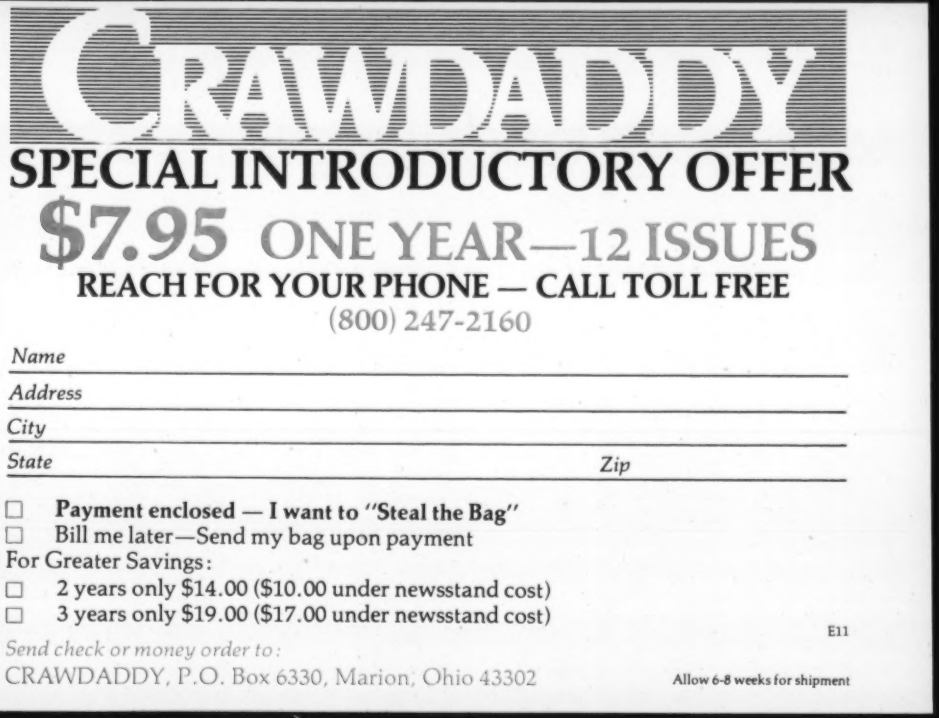
Dee Gee Days, *Dizzy Gillespie.* A lot of horsing around amid some great playing ("The Champ"); a revealing collection dating from 1951 and '52.

Mr. B. and the Band, *Billy Eckstine.* A wonderful collection of vintage ballads, circa 1945–7, from the original Iceman, the king of black blues crooners.

Black California. A variable compilation of L.A. bop from the late forties, worth an honorable mention for the most absurd jazz track I've heard all year, Slim Gaillard's "Dunkin' Bagel" ("Splash! In the coffee!").

Another dormant jazz label to be reactivated via the reissue route is Verve. Their series of two-fers sports clean pressings, thoughtful programming and intelligent liner notes. So far, a magnificent Bud Powell collection (*The Genius*) is available, as well as two volumes of Charlie Parker's Verve sessions, arranged in chronological order. Other Verve albums:

The Sonny Rollins/Sonny Stitt Sessions, *Dizzy Gillespie.* Vintage hard bop from the mid-fifties, with lots of blowing by an illustrious cast of horns.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Remember when singer/songwriter Bruce Springsteen made the covers of Time and Newsweek on the same week? CRAWDADDY covered the rise of America's top rocker TWO YEARS before the rest of the media "discovered" his talents. Similarly, almost a year before Jamaican superstar Bob Marley began cropping up in the pages of other newspapers and magazines, CRAWDADDY featured him on the cover. Dreadlocks and all.

Where would CRAWDADDY be without music? Well, listen. We have spoken seriously with Marlon Brando, gone one-on-one with basketball great Dr. J, and hung out on the corner with Yale graduate Da Fonz. Most recently, CRAWDADDY beat the other national magazines to the punch with a knock-out article/interview on actor/writer Sly Stallone. We found him as much a winner in real life as he is in the role of boxer "Rocky" Balboa.

As for our travel editor, Abbie Hoffman, you'll find him a delight. (If the FBI doesn't find him first.) Then there was our Haitian correspondent and a little, well, unpleasantness with Baby Doc's secret police. And our Jamaican correspondent—last we heard from him, he was being chased down the streets of Kingston by a man with a dull sense of humor and a very sharp knife.

As for politics, well, we don't know what's bugging **you**, but a certain federal law enforcement agency bugged the home and car of two of our regular contributors. And that bugs us. We devoted an ENTIRE ISSUE to the politics of conspiracy, espionage and assassination. And unearthed a heretofore unpublished interview with Lee Harvey Oswald!

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The Cole Porter Songbook, *Ella Fitzgerald.* Thirty-two great songs, sung by a great singer.

Masters of the Modern Piano. An odd anthology containing some fantastic 1956 cuts by Cecil Taylor (his version of Billy Strayhorn's "Johnny Come Lately" is a marvel) and the Paul Bley/Jimmy Giuffre trio, as well as odds and ends from Bud Powell, Mary Lou Williams, Wynton Kelly and Bill Evans.

The Chick Corea/Bill Evans Sessions, *Stan Getz.* Melancholy heat from Getz, taking a break from bossa nova in 1964 and '67, with accompaniment from the likes of Elvin Jones and Ron Carter, not to mention the two keyboard superstars.

The most recent entry into the two-fer field is Mercury, with the EmArcy Jazz Series, ably assembled after the model of the Verve sets:

The Quintet Volume 1, *Clifford Brown.* At long last, it looks as if we will get a chronological compilation, complete, of the sides made by the nonpareil neobop quintet, led by trumpeter Brown and Max Roach, from 1954 until Brown's death in 1956.

The Jazz Sides, *Dinah Washington.* Gorgeous vocals from Washington, in a small band setting with arrangements by Quincy Jones.

Beginnings, *Cannonball Adderley.* Tracks from 1955–7, when Cannonball played with virtuoso facility and fire.

Other jazz reissue programs flourish on the sidelines; Bethlehem has been reactivated, and several rare titles are back in circulation, including fine albums by Duke Ellington and Dexter Gordon. Impulse has released a satisfying set of early Betty Carter performances (*What a Little Moonlight Can Do*), but this gifted vocalist's offering remains an isolated venture for the label.

As even this brief survey suggests, there has never been a better time to build a jazz library cheaply. Unfortunately, the reissue wave has yet to spill over into other areas of American popular music. The uptown R&B and small-band jump blues of the postwar period, the honky-tonk C&W sides of the late forties and early fifties, even the rock and roll of the mid-fifties: all these vital areas of American pop have been largely neglected.

Take the case of country-western. It's virtually impossible to obtain the original recordings of Hank Williams, since almost all of his albums are currently available only in "stereo," with instruments overdubbed in the late fifties to give an ersatz stereo aura; a definitive compilation of Williams' mono recordings is long overdue. Several years ago, Columbia made a brave start at a C&W reissue program, but after a splendid Bob Wills two-fer and a Lefty Frizzell album, the series fizzled out. (Recently, though, the label released *The Best of Floyd Tillman,* featuring original recordings by the illustrious Texas singer/songwriter from the forties.)

Rock and roll, like C&W, has been ill-served by reissues. This past year, Sire Records has made a welcome attempt at a scholarly series, with two-fer anthologies of Del Shannon (surprisingly good), Duane Eddy (basically blah), the Nice, the Impressions, the Troggs, the Pretty Things and the Small Faces, not to mention the first three volumes of a *History of British Rock.* And rock fans should be grateful, I suppose, that RCA finally saw fit to assemble all of Elvis Presley's wondrous Sun sessions from 1954 and 1955 on one glorious album.

But why complain? For jazz lovers, at least, the harvest of reissues during the past 12 months has been rich indeed. Much inspired music is widely available for the first time in years, in a format that offers, as the British say, good "value for money." Best of all, these anthologies enable us to reclaim the supreme accomplishments of the musical past as a living legacy, which may help to explain why I often feel that the best new recordings contain the best old music.●

FOR THE RECORD

One of the best recent rock products isn't an album, but a book—*The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll.* It's a beautiful compendium of essays on the first two decades of rock, imaginatively edited by Jim Miller and lavishly illustrated with remarkable photos (including this shot of Little Richard). It's published by Random House, and available in hardcover and paperback. Among the contributors are Robert Palmer, Kit Rachlis and Ken Emerson. Don't miss Greil Marcus' essay on the Beatles.

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HOW A 29-YEAR-OLD POLAROID ENGINEER FOUND FAME AND FORTUNE IN HARD ROCK WITH A PRETTY TUNE

BOSTON AND THE NEW ROCK MYTH

BY KEN TUCKER

The folklore of the rock music biz has it that a newly-hatched band practices hard in the garage of one of its members, learns competent cover versions of big hits and resigns itself to a few years of noisy anonymity in rude bars and frowsy clubs. This is known in the vernacular as getting one's chops down and paying one's dues.

Well, this is 1977, pal, and here's a new myth to chew on: Consider Tom Scholz, leader of a group called—logical choice given their place of residence—Boston, whose very first record has sold over 2.5 million copies. Scholz, a 29-year-old MIT graduate and employee of Polaroid, made that album at night in his apartment, all but alone; he assembled his four groupmates after the fact. Once the album was pounced upon by Epic, Scholz proceeded to commandeer the promotion of his band's image. He jettisoned the record company's initial ad campaign (Tom in a spacesuit with the legend "Better Music Through Science"; Scholz found this "not good-timey enough") and redesigned the cover of the album (Epic offered a mammoth Boston cream pie; Scholz dreamed up flying saucers shaped like electric guitars). The first single culled from the album, "More Than A Feeling," sold 1 million, and within four months of its release, Boston was named best new group of the year in a *Rolling Stone* readers' poll.

This is certainly something new. A handful of groups have sparked a mass following with a minimum of stage experience and touring (Steely Dan, for instance), but they have typically been masterminded by studio musicians with substantial histories in the music business. Tom Scholz admits that his studio creation was strictly a matter of trial and error. "I had no formal training in audio or electronics. Most of what I know was learned by blowing things up as I went along."

Oh, like any myth, all the details of this one may not be entirely accurate, but the story of Scholz and Boston has already been appropriated by public relations people; it is out of its protagonists' hands. Scholz, for example, a genuinely modest man, maintains that the group that is now Boston existed in various forms and played—with no success whatsoever—small clubs around Boston for seven years. Scholz is eager to acknowledge the contributions of lead singer Brad Delp as an important ingredient in the group's commercial soufflé. But listen to the album—entitled, with redundant inevitability, *Boston*—and it is clear that what is so attractive about this record is its Sound: Scholz's production juggles density and clarity with immaculate ease. *Boston* is nonviolent hard rock that flatters the listener for his or her good taste; while not as important as the work of, say, Phil Spector or Gamble and Huff, *Boston* is a testament to the producer's art. The other members of Boston—Delp, guitarists Barry Goudreau and Fran Sheehan and drummer Sib Hashian—inevitably play bit parts in this glorious success story of a rock and roll Tom Edison-cum-Tom Swift.

The Boston myth has also perpetrated a small fallacy: the notion that the band's music is more sophisticated, more advanced, than that of nearly any hard rock band extant. This simply isn't so; *Boston* hasn't nearly the number of melodic and technical fillips to be gleaned from any random Yes album. And that amalgamation of what Scholz calls "acoustic and heavy metal styles" is no less prominent among Queen and the later Alice Cooper. No, what Boston really has going for it is the astute way it balances its heavy metal blare with catchy, clearly enunciated melodies. Songs like "More Than A Feeling" and "Peace Of Mind" hook you with an insinuating, even pretty, tune and then jolt you with thick, hard jabs of surly lead guitar. Boston is hummable Black Sabbath, with nicer lyrical sentiments.

This is music with something for everyone, which is an appeal hard rock has not had for a while: Aerosmith leaves anyone over 20 cold, if not be-migrained; Peter Frampton's guitar-playing integrity is fatally un-

dercut to non-teen listeners by his Donny Osmond cuddly quotient. But Boston's album is being snatched up by people who haven't bought a loud rock record in some time, people who are approximately Tom Scholz's age, and this was one of his intentions. "I grew up on basic rock and roll, and spent a lot of time in love with English heavy metal, even though I had the greatest respect for the more complex stuff like when the Yardbirds started doing harmony guitar work. After the heyday of Led Zeppelin and the Kinks, I lost touch with a lot of the younger hard rock groups and listened to softer stuff. What I wanted to get back to with Boston was a basic hard rock and roll sound that didn't clutter up the original tune." At a time when young executives would sooner sway with Linda Ronstadt's soothing self-pity than bludgeon their expensive stereos and psyches with punk rock, *Boston* gets their upwardly mobile rocks off with effortless accuracy.

For all of his apparent adventurousness, Scholz is a most conservative rock star. Married and settled in a middle-class suburb of Boston, he left his job with Polaroid only after the album had sold thousands of copies. "I finally quit my job one day, and the next day I was on a plane with the rest of the band to begin our first tour. It was a wonderful, glorious feeling: I could hardly believe that I was going to be able to play rock and roll in front of a lot of people."

Scholz is also conservative about his plans for the group's future. Despite the enormous success of the first record, Boston doesn't have it made. Only the second album will determine whether the first one was a fluke. There is of course a lot of pressure on Scholz to get another album out quickly, to capitalize on the band's current crest of popularity and extensive touring. But the new album is not scheduled to be completed until the middle of this summer, at the earliest. Scholz is dogged: "I want it to be as good a record as the first; I want to take my time. At this point I wish I could just lock myself away for about six months and write and experiment with a few new things. I wish the record company would just pull about four singles off the first album to cover me for that time, to keep us on the public's mind. But we have to tour now, and I want that to go well, too, so it demands a great deal of my time and attention."

It's certainly nice to have someone as calm and intelligent as Scholz attain superstardom, but should such a workmanlike, premeditated approach to a rock music career become a trend, whither the music's invigorating vulgarity and pop anarchy? After all, even though Boston taps an audience of people that have been turning away from rock as they (and it) age, selling 2 million records means you've also attracted a hell of a lot of teenagers. And implicit in the establishment of Tom Scholz as a New Rock Hero is the notion that his example—middle-class industriousness in a classless medium yields big bucks—will be followed by hordes of Impressionable Youth.

As an alternative to the destructive cynicism of bands like Kiss and Aerosmith and the willful naiveté of people as disparate as Bruce Springsteen and Peter Frampton, Scholz's vision of rock and roll future may be attractive to many upcoming bands in the late seventies. These kids have learned over the recent recessive years that security is nothing to sneer at, and they may even think that a stab at rock stardom is no riskier than trying to land a teaching job.

"I was aiming at certain things, and by handling it all myself and taking my time, I got what I wanted," says Tom Scholz. What he wanted was a smash record he could be proud of, and what he got was that and more: fame and a career he can take as seriously as his previous gig with Polaroid. ●

Scholz in his studio with a favorite toy: He "learned by blowing things up as I went along"

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON POWNALL

Movies

Thieves like us

By Richard Corliss

The American middle class, so the story goes, is being robbed blind—from above (the government) and below (the criminal proletariat). Now, in a group of movies designed to draw the beleaguered bourgeoisie out of the homes they're afraid to leave, John and Jane Doe strike back. George Segal and Jane Fonda hold up the telephone company (*Fun With Dick and Jane*); Bo Svenson and Cybill Shepherd kidnap a mailbox (*Special Delivery*); Charles Grodin, with a gun in his pocket and Marlo Thomas in his heart, breaks into Loew's Delancey to relive the gangster dreams of his youth (*Thieves*). In the best of all possible scenarios, they'd all be arrested by detective Art Carney and his kooky sidekick Lily Tomlin (*The Late Show*). Instead, these being the Situation Ethics seventies, John and Jane are allowed to keep their dough. It's left to the moviegoer to yell "Rip-off!"

An instance: Dick (George Segal) is an aerospace engineer who's just been fired; Jane (Jane Fonda) is his upwardly nubile wife. Having lived beyond their means for so many years, they have trouble adjusting to a life of food stamps and friends' sneers. **Fun With Dick and Jane** proposes a solution for the grand bourgeoisie: petit larceny for fun and profit. Barbie and Ken turn into Bonnie and Clyde. (Social note: Jane may help her husband pull off the jobs, but it's Dick who always holds the gun.) Not quite soon enough, our adorable felons work up to their biggest caper: the laundered money Dick's former boss keeps to bribe government officials.

With Jane Fonda in the cast, and Mordecai Richler and Ted Kotcheff (the *Duddy Kravitz* writer-director team) contributing their talons behind the screen, you might expect *Dick and Jane* to be a ferocious satire of amoral individualism and corporate venality. You'd be disappointed. For all of George Segal's nutty intensity and Jane Fonda's good intentions, the movie turns out to be Blondie and Dagwood snazzed up and smirked up for a PG sitcom. The convulsions of the sixties might as well never have taken place, for *Dick and Jane* resides in the lecherotic fantasyland Jane Fonda grew up in (movies like *Sunday in New York, Any Wednesday* and *Barefoot in the Park*) and, I'd have thought, grew out of. The spunky intelligence Fonda showed in *Klute* and *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* is not only wasted in *Dick and Jane*, it's counterproductive. I'm glad she's making Hollywood movies again, but sad she's left the barricades to become a marginally hipper Doris Day.

Say this for Jane: she throws herself onto the pyre with gusto. Whether her character is clumsily trashing a ladies' tea or nonchalantly pulling up her pop-art panties after making peepee (honest!), Fonda gives the impression of being as fully committed to this little sex farce as she ever was to the liberation of South Vietnam. It's as if the cinema's Emma Goldman had been forced to recant in Hollywood's own version of a HUAC inquisition. If you live on Tahiti or in the 21st century, where Jane Fonda's name isn't stuck on so much ideological baggage, you might bring a more disinterested appreciation to her energetic performance. But it's hard for a 1970's moviegoer not to imagine the offscreen Jane Fonda looking sidewise at her onscreen character and saying, "What a mindless middle-American bitch!"

Time is a thief, robbing man of his idealism, grinding him down into the powdered compromise of middle age. That's the central metaphor of **Thieves**—or at least that's how I'd describe it if I were writing about a soliloquy from *Timon of Athens* and not the uninspired movie adaptation of a Broadway comedy about the identity crisis. "We are these grown-ups now," Marty Cramer (Charles Grodin) tells his wife Sally (Marlo Thomas). But, in his mid-thirties and with a prestigious job as principal of a Manhattan private school, Marty worries that he's only a grown-old. Sally, who does crazy-wonderful things like playing Let's Pretend in bed and sending their antique furniture to a Lower East Side tenement, is Marty's past and maybe—if only he'll come at last to his blessed nonsenses—his future.

Ripoff: See Dick and Jane hold up Ma Bell. See bill payers cheer

But you don't need me to tell you this. It's all in Herb Gardner's script. The movie is so bloody verbal that it acts as its own review. Gardner's characters always apologize, always explain, and in a Yiddish-inflected dialect spoken only in a small ghetto called Shubert Alley. In *Thieves*, everybody—Marty and Sally and the girl Marty goes to bed with (Ann Wedgeworth) and the guy Sally goes to bed with (John McMartin) and especially Sally's kreplach Confucius of a father (Irwin Corey)—is a standup comic or an Odetsian orator. These people only talk *at* each other, and the audience is left with little to do but take notes. There's nothing for the spectator to contribute, no little irony or off-center

nuance to catch. So what is there to report? Just that the gags sometimes made me laugh, and the big speeches made me think that Gardner might be the perfect speechwriter for Tom Snyder when he leaves the *Tomorrow* show and decides to run for God.

CYBILL SHEPHERD (*a rough quote*): So when you were a sergeant in Nam one of your best men got shot in the leg so he can hardly walk and another of your best men got shot in the ear so he can hardly hear and the third of your best men got shot in the eye so he can hardly see and when you came back to the States the four of you were bitter because you'd fought in a war nobody wanted except the faceless politicians and the multinational corporations—and *that's* why you just pulled off this million-dollar bank robbery.

BO SVENSON: Bullshit. We did it for the money.

One of the virtues of **Special Delivery** (written by Don Gazzaniga and directed by Paul Wendkos) is the care this modest, engrossing thriller takes in telling its story without spelling it out. You can see this in the ambiguity that hangs over Bo Svenson's answer to Cybill Shepherd. Maybe he and his men *were* avenging themselves on Fortress America; maybe they did it for the money. Maybe they simply wanted to prove that the tactics that ill-served the Special Forces in Vietnam could foil a Special Weapons team in L.A. Whatever the reason, it's left for the movie's grindhouse audience to decide for themselves—an audience *Special Delivery* respects more than *Thieves* respects its middle-class moviegoers. Herb Gardner lectures to his audience; Gazzaniga and Wendkos trust theirs.

Svenson, alone among the gang to escape the scene of the crime, stops in his flight from the police long enough to stash his briefcase full of money into the nearest mailbox. The rest of the film details his plan, and his anxiety, to get the mailbox open before the next pickup late that night—with the help of a young divorcee (Cybill Shepherd) who finds the whole affair pretty kicky. Cybill still looks like a Vassar girl doing a Linda Lovelace imitation, but the overplayed, underused sexuality she projects is just right for this seventies update of the classical cinema's daffy millionairess. Her c'mere-big-boy jauntiness mixes nicely with 6'6" Svenson's stolid gentility. And when was the last time you saw a movie starring two golden blonds?

Wendkos, an old pro who's made B movies and TV movies, knows what he's doing; he directs actors and images with an effortless efficiency that could provoke pages of formalist exegesis in the scholarly film journals. (I especially liked his handling of a fight Svenson has with a couple of punks in a porno house, where the groans from the punches are mistaken for moans from the screen.) It's a shame that *Special Delivery* will be seen only by mise-en-scène mavens and Friday night slummers. Granted, the movie doesn't speak to the human condition as it's reflected in a Bloomingdale's window. But take my word for it: don't look a gift heist in the mouth.

The dramatic tension in our first three movies comes from the collision

Atmosphere is all: Carney and Tomlin cower as bullets whiz

of Old Hollywood genres and the New Morality. We can't be sure, as once we could, that Dick and Jane or Bo and Cybill will pay for their crimes, or that Marty and Sally will be reunited for a final fadeout kiss. The times—in which nothing is certain, and who knows what's right?—have helped create a new kind of suspense in old-fashioned suspense movies. And no new movie could be more traditional than Robert Benton's **The Late Show.** The title, with all its reverberations, is the tipoff: Bogie, beautiful mysterious dames, penny-ante hustlers, underworld bosses and their fruity thugs, dark streets and secrets, 86-proof tough talk with a chaser of sentiment. You'll find all these ingredients in *The Late Show*, with one addition: Lily Tomlin as a flipped-out child of the seventies, who represents everything (health food, free sex, transcendental marijuana) that has happened since the death of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, and of the grizzled heroism they celebrated.

Ira Wells (Art Carney) is a detective out of the past: in his late fifties, tired and overweight, with a mortal fondness for neat Scotch and unfiltered Camels. He has a few bedraggled, longtime friends and an ulcer, both about to be perforated. His fee, when he gets it, is the same $25 a day plus expenses that Chandler's Philip Marlowe got in the forties. And his code is the same as Hammett's Sam Spade: "When a man's partner gets killed, he's supposed to do something about it." Harry Regan (Howard Duff) wasn't exactly Ira's partner, but he was "good company. The best. The very best." And so when Harry shows up dead, Ira can't rest—"not till I find the guy who nailed Harry Regan."

The Late Show rounds up the usual suspects; but because we have our own suspicions that Benton's sympathies and scruples are as old-world as Ira's, we can guess that the murderer won't be either a woman or one of the gumshoe's old friends. Indeed, we may not care who the murderer is, if only because our whodunit impulse is much stronger when we read a detective story than when we watch a detective movie. In film noir, atmosphere is all; the underworld murk seeps into your brain and clouds the deductive faculties. The flame from a woman's cigarette lighter looks to hold the solution to every murder mystery since Oedipus'.

The Late Show's virtually a chamber piece, with only 8 speaking parts and almost no milking of the L.A. milieu. So the atmosphere must be provided by the actors, and Carney and Tomlin shine under Benton's sure, generous direction. Benton has said he wrote Ira's part with Spencer Tracy in mind; Carney projects Tracy's rumpled concentration and sense of individual honor, as well as a world weariness all his own. As Margo, Tomlin often seems to be playing a postgraduate variation on her Suzie Sorority character. But that's OK. There was always an undercurrent of desperation in Suzie, the speed demoiselle, and in the scene in which Margo tries to convince Ira that they should become partners in crime busting, Tomlin brings that desperation eloquently to the surface. The strange rapport of these two underlines the chief concern of *The Late Show*, and of our other middle-class crime films: not whether the perpetrators will be caught, but whether two people can survive each other after the shots have died and the game is over.

Books

Snipe hunts

By Geoffrey Wolff

Wanted! The Search for Nazis in America *by Howard Blum.* Quadrangle/New York Times (256 pp., $8.95).

If you live in Michigan it might interest you to know that one of your fellow residents, Bishop Valerian Trifa, spiritual head of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, once led a pogrom in Bucharest. He was the student leader of the fascist Iron Guard during the war, and on his account many Jews died. After he fled to Nazi Germany, he was convicted of war crimes by Rumania in absentia. He has lived in the sanctuary of the United States since before 1952, when people first began to alert the immigration authorities to his record.

Paterson New Jerseyites have as their neighbor Tscherim Soobzokov, known to his political cronies as "Tom." He is a driving wheel in the corrupt Paterson Democratic machine, a favor peddler of the usual stamp. He is also a former Obersturmfuehrer in the Waffen-SS, first lieutenant in "a Nazi mobile killing unit that had participated in the murder of 1,400,000 Jews on the Eastern Front." His history is known to the Immigration Service, which seems indifferent to it.

Beachfront residents of Surfside, Calif., share their sunsets with Andrija Artukovic, Minister of the Interior under the Nazi puppet state of Croatia, who has been wanted for many years by the government of Yugoslavia to answer for his war crimes, most specifically for having "authorized and then supervised the arrest and internment of the country's thirty thousand Jews," fewer than 10 percent of whom survived. He has been in and out of courts for more than twenty years, but our government has been more his friend and accomplice than his hunter. He entered the country illegally, under an alias. He lives out his golden years as a prisoner of his fears, but otherwise unmolested.

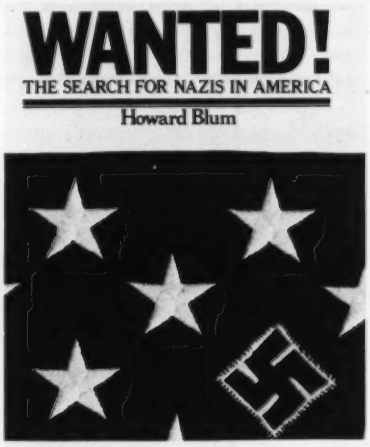
The mailman in Mineola, Long Island, thinks that Boleslavs Maikovskis, a carpenter, is "just a nice old guy, always tipping his hat and asking about your health." He killed Jews for the Nazis in Latvia but "what he did years ago, he did then. People change." What tolerant folks we are, how easy on our neighbors, and on our memories.

Howard Blum's investigative report see-saws vertiginously between such bygone letters as make up the generality of our countrymen and bloodlust hunters, such men as the Manhattan waiter who saw his mother executed on orders from Maikovskis and who believes that "unfulfilled vengeance [is] a sin." Another hunter, Anthony DeVito, was an investigator for the Immigration and Naturalization Service until his anguished resignation in 1973. He joined the INS shortly after he came home from World War II, shortly after he saw the liberation of Dachau where he witnessed the stoning of a Jewish collaborator with the Nazis. His first important case with INS, and his only successful pursuit of Nazis in America, was in the matter of Mrs. Hermine Braunsteiner Ryan, a Queens housewife who had been a guard and supervisor at Ravensbruck and Majdanek, and who was finally extradited to Germany in 1973 on what most observers feel was a fluke.

DeVito became obsessional in his vengeful running to ground of other Nazis from a list of 59 names that came into his possession while he was at work on the Ryan case, and every move he made against these war criminals was frustrated by his own INS, or by individual congressmen friendly to one or another of the people he hunted. Crucial files were misrouted or stolen, hot tracks were covered, feet were dragged, witnesses were intimidated or ignored. DeVito finally wrote a memorandum to the INS stating plainly what he had for some time suspected: "the existence and operation of ODESSA here in the United States, even to the point of possible infiltration into our government." Odessa—*Organisation der ehemaligen SS-Angehorigen*—is a secret fraternity of Nazis dedicated to mutual self-protection and to a dream of restored power, and for it to have come to dictate policy in the matter of immigration and extradition procedures would beggar belief. In fact it does beggar belief: DeVito has no hard evidence of Odessa's presence in the INS; he knows something is mighty high, far past ripe, but he cannot say precisely why. The *whats* of the scandal are clearly detailed: for whatever reason, or reasons, it is not United States policy to pursue the Nazis and war criminals among us. DeVito was more than frustrated in his efforts: his wife, a German, was threatened, in German, through their unlisted telephone. A United States attorney, Robert Morse (brother of Arthur Morse, the author of *While Six Million Died,* a book about Roosevelt's indifference to the plight of European Jews at the onset of World War II), jumped or was pushed from his fifth-floor flat not long after calling for an investigation of INS procedures regarding war criminals.

But by the law of Ockham's ra-

PHOTOGRAPH BY GWYN METZ



Unfinished tale: Blum suggests, but never verifies, Odessa's existence

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zor one is obliged to seek the most simple explanation of a phenomenon rather than the most complicated, progressing by steps through complications as simplicities are necessarily abandoned. And by this principle one looks to a mix of motives, financial and political. It is certain that INS officials have been bribed by aliens of one kind and another, and it is certain that ex-Nazis have not wanted for help or money, wherever they have made their way. (DeVito, long before he took up cause against Nazis, "decided that he worked in the company of thieves" at INS.)

More sinister an explanation for the government's protection of these Jew-baiters and murderers is their connection with the CIA immediately following the war, when the OSS took over Reinhard Gehlen's Nazi spy network and set up to make mischief for Communists everywhere in Europe. You could count on the anti-Communism of a Nazi, and in the atmosphere of the late forties and early fifties, when many of these people were first unmasked, that was worth a great deal. So much so that Nicolae Maxa, a Rumanian industrialist and rabid anti-Semite who supported the Iron Guard financially, found a friend in Richard Nixon, who supported his attempts to immigrate permanently and who set up a dummy corporation with him during the Korean War to further that end. (Nixon also arranged to have Bishop Valerian Trifa give the opening prayer to the United States Senate while he was a member of that body.)

But simple reasons, however awful, are not sufficient to the needs of these possessed hunters forced to hunt snipe for a quarter of a century. For Charlie Kremer, a New York dentist who has devoted his adult life to the pursuit of the Iron Guard bishop, surrounded on his Michigan estate by Iron Guard priests, all laymen like himself, all comfortable like himself, the contest has been personal, and his failure an affront. He is a man who savors fights and grudges, an unpleasantly arrogant fellow: "Once Charlie Kremer makes up his mind, nothing can stop him," he declares. The bishop is meant to come to trial sometime. It was announced two years ago that he would come to trial. But there have been delays, and there will be many, many more, and the dentist sometimes dreams that he can hear Trifa laughing at him.

DeVito seems to have come unhinged in his own fixation, and his wife frets as he gives over his whole life to the case against the Nazis, as though more of a case were needed. A Baltimore Social Security investigator and ex-New York detective was sucked into the undertow, hunting Soobzokov to no avail, nearly losing his job when a congressman intervened. The waiter Wasserman thinks of his dead mother, and of his own years in a concentration camp, and of the Mineola carpenter much liked by his mailman, and cannot sleep. The hunters are victims in this arsy-turvy world of expediency and indifference.

So, to a degree, is *Wanted*'s author. Howard Blum is justly outraged, but he is not innocent of mixed purposes. He has labored to tell the story suspensefully, to make a kind of mystery of it, and the jacket blurb (probably no work of his, but probably seen and approved by him) invokes *The Odessa File* and *The Boys From Brazil*, works of fiction about Odessa: "*Wanted!* shows that the truth is still stranger and more exciting." No: the truth is confusing, and messy, and ill-plotted. Blum owes his readers a judgment about Odessa: does he believe that it has infiltrated the government? The jacket copy implies that it has, but then 59 resident Nazis become, on the enclosed publicity release, "nearly a hundred known Nazi war criminals," just as "Blum's findings make true DeVito's frightening suspicions of an Odessa organization of huge scope, infiltrating the inner sanctums of the United States government."

Blum makes no such charge. Perhaps such a charge is warranted, and surely the scandal must be relentlessly investigated. But it must be investigated by a body less the hostage of its own fate than a hungry publishing house and a compromised FBI and INS. This is a book about truth and justice, and neither are served by inflated claims regarding Blum's discoveries and judgments. Indeed, *Wanted!* is horrifying precisely to the extent that its story has scarcely begun, let along been concluded. But because of Blum and his book, there is every reason to believe that it will be a story continued. A young lady, a neighbor in Surfside of Andrija Artukovic, remarked to Blum that "it's pretty spacy, all right, living next door to a Nazi." At least she knows what a Nazi is, more or less. Many of her countrymen do not, and *Wanted* both explains why and helps provide a remedy for criminal ignorance and indifference.

Final Tribute

Deep sixing four-channel sound/By Jim Wright

Four speakers and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new gimmick, conceived in high fidelity and dedicated to the proposition that there's a sucker born every minute.

The gimmick, of course, was quadraphonics—four-channel stereo—and from the way it was hyped, in a flurry of blather from audio magazines and stereo manufacturers at the turn of this decade, one would have thought that Americans had suddenly sprouted another pair of ears.

"See and hear the sound of the '70s," spieled one advertisement. "There's no question about it. . . . Quadraphonic Sound will make its impression." Another dubbed it "the second Hi-Fi Revolution." Yet two-thirds of the way through this decade, four-channel stereo has become but one more case of unfulfilled future schlock.

The logic behind quad seemed sound enough when it was introduced. Just a few years before, in the mid-sixties, the audio industry had changed the public's one-track mind with a blanket move to stereo records. In that case, the timing could not have been better. With the arrival of electronic-oriented groups such as the Doors, Cream and Vanilla Fudge, popular music experienced a sonic boom. Young people's tastes expanded from 45s to albums, from monaural record players to stereo component systems. By the end of 1967, album sales totalled $920 million—84 percent of the entire record market.

A generation of war babies was coming of age, and where better to spend its burgeoning disposable income than on amplifiers, turntables, tuners, tape decks, receivers and speakers, speakers, speakers. In short order, the monaural LP went the way of the 78s, straight into the moldy oldy bin.

Then, in a move that skeptics claimed smacked of planned obsolescence, several stereo component makers turned the tables once more, announcing a quantum leap to four-channel sound. And why not? At the start of the seventies, ad men and manufacturers looked to the future and saw double. Kids weaned on double features, double malteds and Double Bubble chewing gum were now being treated to double-knit slacks, twin-bladed razors, four-ply tires, four-barrel carburetors and four-wheel drive. If stereo records and tapes were twice as good as monaural, then simple arithmetic dictated that four channels must be twice as good as two. People in the industry were intrigued with the notion that when an audiophile moved on to quad, he or she would buy a new four-channel receiver or adapter, new records and twice as many speakers—often the most expensive part of the components. On every channel, the sound of cash registers ringing seemed to be coming through loud and clear. If quad's backers had their way, Herbert Hoover's chicken in every pot would become a speaker in every corner. They neglected to add that the listener would probably be obliged to move his or her sofa to the center of the room to enjoy this newfound sound to its fullest.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARQUERITA

Nor was four-channel's introduction as well-timed as stereo's. No sooner had the audio industry hatched its quadruplets than the recession hit. Audio buyers began to doubt that quad's benefits merited the extra outlay of bucks, and their fears were reinforced by the less-than-perfect initial four-channel offerings.

Perhaps the biggest drawback to quad is that it has been drowning in a quagmire of alphabet soup since birth. CD-4, SQ, QS—each is a different breed of four-channel sound, and the trio is about as compatible as the Three Stooges. Many popular albums still can be found only on one type of quad disc, if any. Thus, as one observer has noted, if one wants to hear quad recordings of Leonard Bernstein, Herbie Mann and B.B. King, you would have to invest in all of the three systems.

Nowadays, even some audio-industry insiders are banging the drum slowly for dear old quad. At Sam Goody's chain of 27 stores, which bills itself as "the world's largest record, tape and audio dealer," the fate of quadraphonic sound has become a four-gone conclusion. Barry Goody, the firm's vice-president of merchandising, explains: "Right now quad, as an improvement over stereo, is dead. It's no longer a factor in the marketplace." Goody adds that in the past two years, his company has sold 10,000 four-channel receivers dumped by manufacturers as *stereo* equipment.

Over at Pioneer Electronics, a perennial industry sales leader, company president Bernie Mitchell equates the four-channel situation with the wane of the Republican party: "Quad's shrinking, but I don't think it will completely disappear."

Four-channel diehards still see a glimmer of hope for their ailing urchin. CBS, a promoter of SQ, has petitioned the FCC to standardize four-channel broadcasting (to SQ, naturally). The next logical step would be the standardization of all four-channel systems. If this bugaboo is resolved, the more optimistic souls reason, quad sales could jump from their current measly 4 percent of the market back to their salad days' rate of 15 percent.

Fifteen percent of the market, however, does not a hi-fi revolution make. For now, for the 1970s, the sound of quad has, for the most part, been received with the sound of one hand clapping. ●

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